POEMS

UPON

Several Occaſions.

Compos'd at ſeveral times.

BY

Mr. *JOHN MILTON.*

The Third Edition.

LONDON:

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon* at the *Judge's* Head, near the *Inner-Temple-Gate* in *Fleet-ſtreet.* 1695.

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LYCIDAS.

POEMS
ON
Several Occaſions.

LYCIDAS.

In this Monody the Author bewails a Learned Friend, unfortunately drown'd in his paſſage from Cheſter *on the* Iriſh *Seas*, 1637. *And by occaſion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergie, then in their height.*

YEt once more, O ye Laurels, and once more
Ye Myrtles brown, with Ivy never ſear,
I come to pluck your Berries harſh and crude,
And with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year,
Bitter conſtraint, and ſad occaſion dear,
Compels me to diſturb your ſeaſon due:
For *Lycidas* is dead, dead e're his prime,
Young *Lycidas*, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not ſing for *Lycidas*? he knew
Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty Rhyme.
He muſt not flote upon his watry bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of ſome melodious tear.
Begin then, Siſters of the Sacred well,
That from beneath the Seat of *Jove* doth ſpring,
Begin, and ſomewhat loudly ſweep the ſtring.
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuſe,
So may ſome gentle Muſe
With lucky words favour my deſtin'd Urn,
And as he paſſes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my ſable ſhrowd.
For we were nurſt upon the ſelf-ſame Hill,
Fed the ſame flock; by fountain, ſhade, and rill.
Together both, e're the high Lawns appear'd
Under the opening Eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a field, and both together heard
What time the Gray-fly winds her ſultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the freſh dews of night,
Oft till the Star that roſe, at Ev'ning, bright,
Toward Heav'ns deſcent had ſlop'd his weſtering wheel.
Meanwhile the Rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' Oaten Flute,
Rough *Satyrs* danc'd, and *Fauns* with clov'n heel,
From the glad ſound would not be abſent long,
And old *Damætas* lov'd to hear our Song.
But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never muſt return!
Thee Shepherd, thee the Woods and deſart Caves,
With wild Thyme and the gadding Vine o're-grown,
And all their echoes mourn.
The Willows, and the Hazle Copſes green,
Shall now no more be ſeen,
Fanning their joyous Leaves to thy ſoft layes.
As killing as the Canker to the Roſe,
Or Taint-worm to the weanling Herds that graze,
Or Froſt to Flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When firſt the white Thorn blows;
Such, *Lycidas*, thy loſs to Shepherds ear.
Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorſeleſs deep
Clos'd o're the head of your lov'd *Lycidas*?
For neither were ye playing on the ſteep,
Where your old *Bards*, the famous *Druids*, ly,
Nor on the ſhaggy top of *Mona* high,
Nor yet where *Deva* ſpreads her wiſard ſtream:
Ay me, I fondly dream! (don?
Had ye bin there——for what could that have
What could the Muſe her ſelf that *Orpheus* bore,
The Muſe her ſelf for her inchanting Son,
Whom Univerſal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,

His goary viſage down the ſtream was ſent,
Down the ſwift *Hebrus* to the *Lesbian* ſhore.
Alas! What boots it with unceſſant care
To ſtrict the homely ſlighted Shepherds trade,
And ſtrictly meditate the thankleſs Muſe,
Were it not better done as others uſe,
To ſport with *Amaryllis* in the ſhade,
Or with the tangles of *Neæra*'s hair?
Fame is the ſpur that the clear ſpirit doth raiſe
(That laſt infirmity of Noble mind)
To ſcorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair Guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burſt out into ſudden blaze,
Comes the blind *Fury* with th'abhorred ſhears,
And ſlits the thin-ſpun life. But not the praiſe,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal ſoil,
Nor in the gliſtering foil
Set off to th'world, nor in broad rumour lies,
But lives and ſpreads aloft by thoſe pure eyes,
And perfect witneſs of all-judging *Jove*;
As he pronounces laſtly on each deed,
Of ſo much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.
O Fountain *Arethuſe*, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-ſliding *Mincius*, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That ſtrain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my Oat proceeds,
And liſtens to the Herald of the Sea
That came in *Neptune*'s plea,
He ask'd the Waves, and ask'd the Fellon Winds,
What hard miſhap hath doom'd this gentle ſwain?
And queſtion'd every guſt of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked Promontory;
They knew not of his ſtory,
And ſage *Hippotades* their anſwer brings,
That not a blaſt was from his dungeon ſtray'd,
The Air was calm, and on the level brine,
Sleek *Panope* with all her Siſters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious Bark
Built in th'eclipſe, and rigg'd with curſes dark,
That ſunk ſo low that Sacred head of thine.
Next *Camus*, reverend Sire, went footing ſlow,
His Mantle hairy, and his Bonnet ſedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that ſanguine flower inſcrib'd with woe.
Ah! Who hath reft (quoth he) my deareſt pledge?
Laſt came, and laſt did go,
The Pilot of the *Galilean* lake,
Two maſſy Keys he bore of metals twain,
(The Golden opes, the Iron ſhuts amain)
He ſhook his Miter'd locks, and ſtern beſpake,
How well could I have ſpar'd for thee, young ſwain,
Anow of ſuch as for their bellies ſake,
Creep and intrude, and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to ſcramble at the ſhearers feaſt,
And ſhove away the worthy bidden gueſt;
Blind mouths! that ſcarce themſelves know how to hold (leaſt
A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought elſe the
That to the faithful Herdman's Art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are ſped;
And when they liſt, their lean and flaſhy ſongs
Grate on their ſcrannel Pipes of wretched ſtraw,
The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
But ſwoln with wind, and the rank miſt they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion ſpread:
Beſides what the grim Woolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing ſed,
But that two-handed Engine at the door,
Stands ready to ſmite once, and ſmite no more.
Return *Alpheus*, the dread voice is paſt,
That ſhrunk thy ſtreams; Return *Sicilian* Muſe,
And call the Vales, and bid them hither caſt
Their Bells, and Flourets of a thouſand hues.
Ye Valleys low where the mild whiſpers uſe,
Of ſhades and wanton winds, and guſhing brooks,
On whoſe freſh lap the ſwart Star ſparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes,
That on the green terf ſuck the honied ſhowres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres.
Bring the rathe Primroſe that forſaken dies,
The tufted Crow-toe, and pale Geſſamine,
The white Pink, and the Panſie freakt with jet,
The glowing Violet.
The Muſk-roſe, and the well attir'd Woodbine,
With Cowſlips wan that hang the penſive head,
And every flower that ſad embroidery wears:
Bid *Amarantus* all his beauty ſhed,
And Daffadillies fill their Cups with tears,
To ſtrew the Laureat Herſe where *Lycid* lies.
For ſo to interpoſe a little eaſe,
Let our frail thoughts dally with falſe ſurmiſe.
Ay me! Whilſt thee the ſhores, and ſounding Seas
Waſh far away, where e're thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the ſtormy *Hebrides*,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Viſit'ſt the bottom of the monſtrous World;
Or whether thou to our moiſt vows deny'd,
Sleep'ſt by the Fable of *Bellerus* old,
Where the great Viſion of the guarded Mount
Looks toward *Namancos* and *Bayona*'s hold;
Look homeward Angel now, and melt with ruth.
And, O ye *Dolphins*, waft the hapleſs youth.
Weep no more, woful Shepherds weep no more,
For *Lycidas* your ſorrow is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floar;
So ſinks the day-ſtar in the Ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new ſpangled Ore,

Flames

Flames in the forehead of the morning ſky:
So *Lycidas* ſunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the waves,
Where other groves, and other ſtreams along,
With *Nectar* pure his oozy Locks he laves,
And hears the unexpreſſive nuptial Song,
In the bleſt Kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In ſolemn troops, and ſweet Societies
That Sing, and Singing in their Glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, *Lycidas*, the Shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the ſhore,
In thy large recompence, and ſhalt be good
To all that wander in that perillous flood.
Thus ſang the uncouth Swain to th' Okes and rills,
While the ſtill morn went out with Sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender ſtops of various Quills,
With eager thought warbling his *Dorick* lay:
And now the Sun had ſtretch'd out all the Hills,
And now was dropt into the Weſtern Bay;
At laſt he roſe, and twitch'd his Mantle blew:
To morrow to freſh Woods, and Paſtures new.

L'Allegro.

HEnce loathed Melancholy
Of *Cerberus*, and blackeſt midnight born,
In *Stygian* Cave forlorn.
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks and ſights unholy,
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night-Raven ſings;
There under *Ebon* ſhades, and low-brow'd Rocks,
As ragged as thy Locks,
In dark *Cimmerian* deſart ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In Heav'n ycleap'd *Euphroſyne*,
And by men, heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely *Venus* at a birth
With two Siſter Graces more
To Ivy-crowned *Bacchus* bore;
Or whether (as ſome Sager ſing)
The frolick Wind that breaths the Spring.
Zephir with *Aurora* playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on Beds of Violets blew,
And freſh-blown Roſes waſht in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckſom, blith, and debonair.
Haſte thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and Youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and Wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on *Hebe*'s cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinckled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee,
The Mountain Nymph, ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee Honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free;
To hear the Lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpight of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the Sweet-Briar, or the Vine,
Or the twiſted Eglantine.
While the Cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkneſs thin,
And to the ſtack, or the Barn-door,
Stoutly ſtruts his Dames before,
Oft liſt'ning how the Hounds and Horn
Chearly rouſe the ſlumbring morn,
From the ſide of ſome Hoar Hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill.
Some time walking not unſeen
By Hedge-row Elms, on Hillocks green,
Right againſt the Eaſtern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his ſtate,
Roab'd in Flames, and Amber light,
The clouds in thouſand Liveries dight,
While the Plow-man near at hand,
Whiſtles o're the Furrow'd Land,
And the Milkmaid ſingeth blithe,
And the Mower whets his ſithe,
And every Shepherd tells his tale
Under the Hawthorn in the dale.
Streight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures
Whilſt the Lantskip round it meaſures,
Ruſſet Lawns, and Fallows Gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray,

Mountains

Mountains on whoſe barren breſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt:
Meadows trim with Daiſies pide,
Shallow Brooks, and Rivers wide.
Towers and Battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted Trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a Cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged Okes,
Where *Corydon* and *Thyrſis* met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of Herbs, and other Country Meſſes,
Which the neat-handed *Phillis* dreſſes;
And then in haſte her Bower ſhe leaves,
With *Theſtylis* to bind the Sheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd Haycock in the Mead,
Some times with ſecure delight
The up-land Hamlets will invite,
When the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks ſound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the Chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a Sunſhine Holy-day,
Till the live-long day-light fail,
Then to the Spicy Nut-brown Ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How *Fairy Mab* the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd ſhe ſed,
And by the Friars Lanthorn led
Tells how the drudging *Goblin* ſwet,
To ern his Cream-bowle duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His ſhadowy Flale hath threſh'd the Corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the Lubbar Fend.
And ſtretch'd out all the Chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And Crop-full out of doors he flings,
E're the firſt Cock his Mattin rings.
Thus done the Tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering Winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
Towred Cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſie humm of men,
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold,
In weeds of Peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtore of Ladies, whoſe bright Eyes
Rain influence, and judge the priſe,
Of Wit, or Arms, while both contend
To win her Grace, whom all commend,
There let *Hymen* oft appear
In Saffron robe, with Taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With mask, and antique Pageantry,
Such ſights as Youthful Poets dream
On Summer Eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod Stage anon,
If *Johnſon*'s learned Stock be on,
Or ſweeteſt *Shakeſpear*'s fancy's child,
Warble his native Wood-notes wild,
And ever againſt eating Cares,
Lap me in ſoft *Lydian* Aires,
Married to immortal verſe
Such as the meeting Soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that ty
The hidden Soul of harmony.
That *Orpheus* ſelf may heave his head
From Golden ſlumber on a Bed
Of heapt *Elyſian* flowers, and hear
Such ſtreins as would have won the ear
Of *Pluto*, to have quite ſet free
His half regain'd *Eurydice*.
Theſe delights, if thou canſt give,
Mirth with thee, I mean to live.

Il Penſeroſo.

HEnce vain deluding joyes,
The brood of folly without father bred,
How little you beſted,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys;
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
As the gay motes that People the Sun Beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams
The fickle Penſioners of *Morpheus* train.
But hail thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe Saintly viſage is too bright
To hit the Senſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O're-laid with black ſtaid Wiſdoms hue,
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince *Memnon*'s Siſter might beſeem,
Or that ſtarr'd *Ethiope* Queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The Sea Nymphs, and their powers offended,
Yet thou art higher far deſcended,

The

Thee bright-hair'd *Veſta* long of yore,
To ſolitary *Saturn* bore;
His daughter ſhe (in *Saturn's* raign,
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering Bowers, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody *Ida's* inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of *Jove*.
Come penſive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtick train,
And ſable ſtole of *Cipres* Lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With eev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt Soul ſitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thy ſelf to Marble, till
With a ſad Leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And joyn with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with Gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Ay round about *Jove's* Altar ſing,
And adde to theſe retired leaſure,
That in trim Gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hiſt along,
'Leſs *Philomel* will deign a Song,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While *Cynthia* checks her Dragon yoke,
Gently o're th'accuſtom'd Oke;
Sweet Bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt Muſical, moſt Melancholy!
Thee Chauntreſs oft the Woods among,
I woo to hear thy Even-Song;
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven Green,
To behold the wandring Moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the Heav'ns wide pathleſs way;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a Plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off *Curfeu* ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar;
Or if the Air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing Embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the Cricket on the hearth,
Or the Belman's drowſie charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm:
Or let my Lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely Tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the *Bear*,
With thrice great *Hermes*, or unſphear.
The ſpirit of *Plato* to unfold
What Worlds, or what vaſt Regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe *Dæmons* that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With Planet, or with Element.
Some time let Gorgeous Tragedy
In Scepter'd Pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting *Thebs*, or *Pelops* line,
Or the tale of *Troy* divine.
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the Buskind ſtage.
But, O ſad Virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe *Muſæus* from his bower,
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew Iron tears down *Pluto's* cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half told
The ſtory of *Cambuſcan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarſife*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own'd the vertuous Ring and Glaſs,
And of the wondrous Horſe of Braſs,
On which the *Tartar* King did ride;
And if ought elſe, great *Bards* beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of Turneys and of Trophies hung;
Of Foreſts, and inchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear,
Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trickt and frounc't as ſhe was wont,
With the Attick Boy to hunt,
But Cherchef't in a comely Cloud,
While rocking Winds are Piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſsling Leaves,
With minute drops from off the Eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me Goddeſs bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that *Sylvan* loves
Of Pine, or monumental Oake,
Where the rude Ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the Nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome Brook,
Where no prophaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eie,
While the Bee with Honied thie,

That at her flowry work doth ſing.
And the Waters murmuring
With ſuch conſort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in Airy ſtream,
Of lively portrature diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſick breath
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th'unſeen Genius of the Wood.
But let my due feet never fail,
To walk the ſtudious Cloyſters pale.
And love the high embowed Roof,
With antick Pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried Windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing Organ blow,
To the full voic'd Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems cleer,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The Hairy Gown and Moſſy Cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of every Star that Heav'n doth ſhew,
And every Herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like Prophetic ſtrain.
Theſe pleaſures *Melancholy* give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

A Mask Preſented at Lud-Low-Caſtle 1634. *&c. The firſt Scene diſcovers a wild Wood.*

The attendant Spirit deſcends or enters.

BEfore the ſtarry threſhold of *Jove's* Court
My manſion is, where thoſe immortal ſhapes
Of bright aerial Spirits live inſphear'd
In Regions mild of calm and ſerene Air,
Above the ſmoak and ſtirr of this dim ſpot,
Which men call Earth, and with low thoughted care
Confin'd, and peſter'd in this pin-fold here,
Strive to keep up a frail, and Feaveriſh being
Unmindful of the Crown that Vertue gives
After this mortal change, to her true Servants
Amongſt the enthron'd Gods on Sainted ſeats.
Yet ſome there be that by due ſteps aſpire
To lay their juſt hands on that Golden Key
That ope's the Palace of Eternity:
To ſuch my errand is, and but for ſuch,
I would not ſoil theſe pure Ambroſial weeds,
With the rank vapours of this Sin-worn mould.
But to my task. *Neptune* beſides the ſway
Of every ſalt Flood, and each ebbing ſtream,
Took in by lot 'twixt high and neather *Jove*,
Imperial rule of all the Sea-girt Iles
That like to rich and various Gemms inlay
The unadorned booſom of the Deep,
Which he to grace his tributary Gods
By courſe commits to ſeveral Government,
And gives them leave to wear their Saphire Crowns,
And weild their little Tridents, but this Ile
The greateſt, and the beſt of all the Main
He quarters to his blue-hair'd Deities,
And all this tract that fronts the falling Sun
A noble Peer of mickle truſt, and power
Has in his charge, with temper'd awe to guide
An old, and haughty Nation proud in Arms:
Where his fair off-ſpring nurs't in Princely lore,
Are coming to attend their Father's ſtate,
And new-entruſted Scepter, but their way
Lies through the perplex't paths of this dear Wood,
The nodding horror of whoſe ſhady brows
Threats the forlorn and wandring Paſſenger.
And here their tender age might ſuffer peril,
But that by quick command from Soveraign *Jove*
I was diſpatcht for their defence and guard;
And liſten why, for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in Tale or Song,
From old or modern Bard, in Hall or Bowr.
Bacchus, that firſt from out the purple Grape,
Cruſh't the ſweet poyſon of miſ-uſed Wine,
After the *Tuſcan* Mariners transform'd,
Coaſting the *Tyrrhene* ſhore, as the winds liſted,
On *Circes* Iland fell (who knows not *Circe*
The daughter of the Sun? Whoſe charmed Cup
Whoever taſted, loſt his upright ſhape,
And downward fell into a groveling Swine)
This Nymph that gaz'd upon his cluſt'ring locks,
With Ivy Berries wreath'd, and his blithe youth,
Had by him, ere he parted thence, a Son
Much like his Father, but his Mother more,
Whom therefore ſhe brought up and *Comus* nam'd,
Who ripe, and frolick of his full grown age,
Roaving

Roaving the *Celtick*, and *Iberian* fields,
At laſt betakes him to this ominous Wood,
And in thick ſhelter of black ſhades imbowr'd,
Excels his Mother at her mighty Art,
Offring to every weary Traveller,
His orient Liquor in a Cryſtal Glaſs,
To quench the drouth of *Phœbus*, which as they taſte (thirſt)
(For moſt do taſte through fond intemperate
Soon as the Potion works, their humane count'nance,
Th'expreſs reſemblance of the Gods, is chang'd
Into ſome brutiſh form of Woolf, or Bear,
Or Ounce, or Tiger, Hog, or bearded Goat,
All other parts remaining as they were,
And they, ſo perfect is their miſery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,
But boaſt themſelves more comely than before
And all their friends, and native home forget,
To roule with pleaſure in a ſenſual ſtie.
Therefore when any favour'd of high *Jove*,
Chances to paſs through this advent'rous glade,
Swift as the Sparkle of a glancing Star,
I ſhoot from Heav'n to give him ſafe convoy,
As now I do: But firſt I muſt put off
Theſe my skie robes ſpun out of *Iris* Wooff,
And take the Weeds and likeneſs of a Swain,
That to the ſervice of this houſe belongs, (Song,
Who with his ſoft Pipe, and ſmooth dittied
Well knows to ſtill the wilde winds when they roar,
And huſh the waving Woods, nor of leſs faith,
And in this office of his Mountain watch,
Likelieſt, and neareſt to the preſent aid
Of this occaſion. But I hear the tread
Of hateful ſteps, I muſt be viewleſs now.

Comus *enters with a Charming Rod in one hand, his Glaſs in the other, with him a rout of Monſters, headed like ſundry ſorts of wilde Beaſts, but otherwiſe like Men and Women, their Apparel gliſtering, they come in making a riotous and unruly noiſe, with Torches in their hands.*

Comus. The Star that bids the Shepherd fold,
Now the top of Heav'n doth hold,
And the gilded Car of Day,
His glowing Axle doth allay
In the ſteep *Atlantick* ſtream,
And the ſlope Sun his upward beam
Shoots againſt the duſky Pole,
Pacing toward the other gole
Of his Chamber in the Eaſt.
Mean while welcome Joy, and Feaſt,
Midnight ſhout, and revelry,
Tipſie dance, and Jollity.
Braid your Locks with roſie Twine
Dropping odours, dropping Wine.
Rigor now is gon to bed,
And Advice with ſcrupulous head,
Strict Age, and ſowre Severity,
With their grave Saws in ſlumber lie.
We that are of purer fire
Imitate the Starry Quire,
Who in their nightly watchful Sphears,
Lead in ſwift round the Months and Years.
The Sounds, and Seas with all their finny drove,
Now to the Moon in wavering Morrice move,
And on the Tawny Sands and Shelves,
Trip the pert Fairies and the dapper Elves;
By dimpled Brook, and Fountain brim,
The Wood-Nymphs deckt with Daiſies trim,
Their merry wakes and paſtimes keep:
What hath night to do with ſleep?
Night hath better ſweets to prove,
Venus now wakes, and wak'ns Love.
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes Sin
Which theſe dun ſhades will ne're report,
Hail Goddeſs of Nocturnal ſport
Dark vail'd *Cotytto*, t'whom the ſecret flame
Of mid-night Torches burns; myſterious Dame (woom
That ne're art call'd, but when the Dragon
Of Stygian darkneſs ſpets her thickeſt gloom,
And makes one blot of all the air,
Stay thy cloudy Ebon Chair,
Wherein thou rid'ſt with *Hecat*, and befriend
Us thy vow'd Prieſts, till utmoſt end
Of all thy dues be done, and none left out,
E're the blabing Eaſtern ſcout,
The nice Morn on th' *Indian* ſteep
From her cabin'd loop-hole peep,
And to the tell-tale Sun diſcry
Our conceal'd Solemnity.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground,
In a light fantaſtick round.

The Meaſure.

Break off, break off, I feel the different pace,
Of ſome chaſt footing near about this ground.
Run to your ſhrouds, whithin theſe Brakes and Trees,
Our number may affright: Some Virgin ſure
(For ſo I can diſtinguiſh by mine Art)
Benighted in theſe Woods. Now to my charms,
And to my wily trains, I ſhall e're long
Be well ſtock't with as fair a heard as graz'd
About my Mother *Circe*. Thus I hurl
My dazling Spells into the ſpungy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illuſion,
And give it falſe preſentments, leſt the place
And my quaint habits breed aſtoniſhment,
And put the Damſel to ſuſpicious flight,
Which muſt not be, for that's againſt my courſe,
I under fair pretence of friendly ends,
And well plac'd words of glozing courteſie,
Baited with reaſons not unplauſible,
Wind me into the eaſie-hearted man,
And hug him into ſnares. When once her eye
Hath met the virtue of this Magick duſt,

I ſhall appear ſome harmleſs Villager,
And harken, if I may, her buſineſs here.
But here ſhe comes, I fairly ſtep aſide.

The Lady Enters.

This way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now, methought it was the ſound
Of Riot, and ill manag'd Merriment,
Such as the jocond Flute, or gameſome Pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd Hinds,
When for their teeming Flocks, and granges full
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the Gods amiſs. I ſhould be loath
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late Waſſailers; yet O where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangl'd Wood?
My Brothers when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe Pines,
Stept as they ſaid to the next Thicket ſide
To bring me Berries, or ſuch cooling fruit
As the kind hoſpitable Woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Eev'n
Like a ſad Votariſt in Palmers weed
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of *Phœbus* wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts, 'tis likelieſt
They had ingag'd their wandrnig ſteps too far,
And envious darkneſs, e're they could return,
Had ſtole them from me, elſe O theeviſh Night
Why ſhouldſt thou, but for ſome fellonious end,
In thy dark Lantern thus cloſe up the Stars,
That Nature hung in Heav'n, and fill'd their Lamps
With everlaſting oil, to give due light
To the miſled and lonely Traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence eev'n now the tumult of loud Mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear,
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory
Of calling ſhapes, and beckning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On Sands, and Shoars, and deſart Wilderneſſes.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The vertuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion Conſcience.——
O welcome pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering Angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh't form of Chaſtity,
I ſee ye viſibly, and now believe (ill
That he, the Supreme good, t'whom all things
Are but as ſlaviſh Officers of vengeance,
Would ſend a gliſt'ring Guardian if need were
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted Grove.
I cannot hallow to my Brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'le venture, for my new enliv'nd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

SONG.

Sweet Echo, ſweeteſt Nymph that liv'ſt unſeen
Within thy airy ſhell
By ſlow Meander's *margent green,*
And in the violet imbroider'd vale
Where the love-lorn Nightingale
Nightly to thee her ſad Song mourneth well.
Canſt thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
That likeſt thy Narciſſus *are?*
O if thou have
Hid them in ſome flowry Cave,
Tell me but where
Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphear,
So may'ſt thou be tranſlated to the skies,
And give reſounding grace to all Heav'ns Harmonies. (mould

Com. Can any mortal mixture of Earth's
Breath ſuch Divine inchanting raviſhment?
Sure ſomething holy lodges in that breſt,
And with theſe raptures moves the vocal air
To teſtifie his hidden reſidence;
How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night
At every fall ſmoothing the Raven down
Of darkneſs till it ſmil'd: I have oft heard
My Mother *Circe* with the Sirens three,
Amid'ſt the flowry-kirtl'd *Naiades*
Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,
Who as they Sung, would take the priſon'd Soul,
And lap it in *Elyſium*, *Scylla* wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention,
And fell *Charybdis* murmur'd ſoft applauſe:
Yet they in pleaſing ſlumber lull'd the Senſe,
And in ſweet madneſs rob'd it of it ſelf,
But ſuch a ſacred, and home-felt delight,
Such ſober certainty of waking bliſs
I never heard till now. I'le ſpeak to her,
And ſhe ſhall be my Queen. Hail forrein wonder
Whom certain theſe rough ſhades did never
Unleſs the Goddeſs that in rural ſhrine (breed
Dwell'ſt here with *Pan*, or *Silvan*, by bleſt Song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly Fog (Wood.
To touch the proſperous growth of this tall
La. Nay gentle Shepherd ill is loſt that praiſe
That is addreſt to unattending Ears,
Not any boaſt of skill, but extreme ſhift
How to regain my ſever'd company,
Compell'd me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me anſwer from her moſſie Couch.

To.

Co. What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?
La. Dim darkneſs, and this leavie Labyrinth.
Co. Could that divide you from neer-uſhering guides?
La. They left me weary on a graſſie terf.
Co. By falſhood, or diſcourteſie, or why?
La. To ſeek i'th' Vally ſome cool friendly Spring.
Co. And left your fair ſide all unguarded, Lady?
La. They were but twain, and purpos'd quick return.
Co. Perhaps fore-ſtalling night prevented them.
La. How eaſie my misfortune is to hit!
Co. Imports their loſs, beſide the preſent need?
La. No leſs than if I ſhould my Brothers loſe.
Co. Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?
La. As ſmooth as *Hebe*'s their unrazor'd lips.
Co. Two ſuch I ſaw, what time the labour'd Oxe
In his looſe traces from the furrow came,
And the ſwink't hedger at his Supper ſate;
I ſaw them under a green mantling Vine
That crawls along the ſide of yon ſmall hill,
Plucking ripe cluſters from the tender ſhoots,
Their port was more than human, as they ſtood;
I took it for a Fairy viſion
Of ſome gay creatures of the Element,
That in the colours of the Rainbow live,
And play i'th' plighted clouds. I was aw-ſtrook,
And as I paſt, I worſhipt; if thoſe you ſeek,
It were a journey like the path to Heav'n,
To help you find them. *La.* Gentle Villager
What readieſt way would bring me to that place?
Co. Due weſt it riſes from this ſhrubby point.
La. To find out that, good Shepherd, I ſuppoſe,
In ſuch a ſcant allowance of Star-light,
Would overtask the beſt Land-Pilots art,
Without the ſure gueſs of well-practis'd feet.
Co. I know each lane, and every alley green
Dingle, or buſhy dell of this wilde Wood,
And every bosky bourn from ſide to ſide,
My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood,
And if your ſtray-attendance be yet lodg'd,
Or ſhroud within theſe limits, I ſhall know
E're morrow, or the low rooſted Lark
From her thatch't pallat rowſe, if otherwiſe
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be ſafe
Till further queſt'. *La.* Shepherd I take thy word,
And truſt thy honeſt offer'd courteſie,
Which oft is ſooner found in lowly ſheds
With ſmoaky rafters, than in tap'ſtry Halls
And Courts of Princes, where it firſt was nam'd,
And yet is moſt pretended: In a place
Leſs warranted than this, or leſs ſecure
I cannot be, that I ſhould fear to change it;
Eye me, bleſt Providence, and ſquare my trial
To my proportion'd ſtrength. Shepherd lead on.——

The two Brothers.

Eld. Bro. Unmuffle ye faint Stars, and thou fair Moon
That wont'ſt to love the travellers benizon,
Stoop thy pale viſage through an amber cloud,
And diſinherit *Chaos*, that reigns here
In double night of darkneſs, and of ſhades;
Or if your influence be quite damn'd up
With black uſurping miſts, ſome gentle taper,
Though a Ruſh-Candle from the wicker hole
Of ſome clay habitation, viſit us
With thy long levell'd rule of ſtreaming light,
And thou ſhalt be our ſtar of *Arcady*,
Or *Tyrian* Cynoſure. 2. *Bro.* Or if our eyes
Be barr'd that happineſs, might we but hear
The folded flocks pen'd in their watled cotes,
Or ſound of paſtoral reed with oaten ſtops,
Or whiſtle from the Lodge, or Village Cock
Count the night watches to his feathery Dames,
'Twould be ſome ſolace yet, ſome little chearing
In this cloſe dungeon of innumerous bows.
But O that hapleſs Virgin! our loſt ſiſter,
Where may ſhe wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongſt rude burs and thiſtles?
Perhaps ſome cold bank is her Boulſter now,
Or 'gainſt the rugged bark of ſome broad Elm
Leans her unpillow'd head, fraught with ſad fears.
What if in wild amazement, and affright,
Or, while we ſpeak, within the direful graſp
Of Savage hunger, or of Savage heat?
Eld. Bro. Peace, Brother, be not over-exquiſite
To caſt the faſhion of uncertain evils;
For grant they be ſo, while they reſt unknown,
What need a man foreſtall his date of grief,
And run to meet what he would moſt avoid?
Or if they be but falſe alarms of Fear,
How bitter is ſuch ſelf-deluſion?
I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek,
Or ſo unprincipl'd in Vertues book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs booſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm Thoughts,
And put them into miſ-becoming plight.
Vertue could ſee to do what Vertue would
By her own radiant light, though Sun and Moon

Were in the flat Sea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired Solitude,
Where with her beſt nurſe Contemplation
She plumes her feathers and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſſle of reſort
Were all to ruffl'd, and ſome times impair'd.
He that has light within his own clear breaſt
May ſit i'th' Center, and enjoy bright day,
But he that hides a dark ſoul, and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day Sun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.

2. *Bro.* 'Tis moſt true,
That muſing meditation moſt affects
The penſive ſecrecy of deſart Cell,
Far from the cheerful haunt of men and herds,
And ſits as ſafe as in a Senat Houſe,
For who would rob a Hermit of his Weeds,
His few Books, or his Beads, or Maple Diſh,
Or do his gray Hairs any violence?
But Beauty, like the fair Heſperian Tree
Laden with blooming Gold, had need the guard
Of Dragon-watch with uninchanted eye,
To ſave her bloſſoms, and defend her fruit
From the raſh hand of bold Incontinence.
You may as well ſpread out the unſun'd heaps
Of Miſers Treaſure by an Out-law's den,
And tell me it is ſafe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a ſingle helpleſs Maiden paſs
Uninjur'd in this wilde ſurrounding waſt.
Of night, or lonelineſs it wreaks me not,
I fear the dread events that dog them both,
Leſt ſome ill-greeting touch attempt the perſon
Of our unowned ſiſter.

Eld. Bro. I do not, Brother,
Inferr, as if I thought my Siſter's ſtate
Secure without all doubt, or controverſie:
Yet where an equal poiſe of hope and fear,
Does arbitrate th'Event, my Nature is
That I encline to hope, rather than fear,
And gladly baniſh ſquint ſuſpicion.
My ſiſter is not ſo defenceleſs left
As you imagine, ſhe has a hidden ſtrength
Which you remember not.

2. *Bro.* What hidden ſtrength, (that?
Unleſs the ſtrength of Heav'n, if you mean

Eld. Bro. I mean that too, but yet a hidden ſtrength,
Which if Heav'n gave it, may be term'd her own:
'Tis chaſtity, my Brother, chaſtity:
She that has that, is clad in compleat ſteel,
And like a quiver'd Nymph with Arrows keen
May trace huge Forreſts, and unharbour'd Heaths,
Infamous Hills, and ſandy perillous wildes,
Where through the ſacred rayes of Chaſtity,
No ſavage fierce Bandite, or Mountaneer
Will dare to ſoyl her Virgin purity,
Yea there, where very deſolation dwells
By grots, and caverns ſhag'd with horrid ſhades,
She may paſs on with unblench't majeſty,
Be it not done in pride, or in preſumption.
Some ſay no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
Blew meager Hag, or ſtubborn unlaid Ghoſt,
That breaks his magick chains at *Curfue* time,
No Goblin, or ſwart Faiery of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o're true Virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or ſhall I call
Antiquity from the old Schools of *Greece*
To teſtifie the arms of Chaſtity?
Hence had the huntreſs *Dian* her dread bow,
Fair ſilver-ſhafted Queen for ever chaſte,
Wherewith ſhe tam'd the brinded Lioneſs
And ſpotted mountain Pard, but ſet at nought
The frivolous bolt of *Cupid*, gods and men
Fear'd her ſtern frown, and ſhe was Queen o'th'Woods.
What was that ſnaky-headed *Gorgon* ſhield
That wiſe *Minerva* wore, unconquer'd Virgin,
Wherewith ſhe freez'd her foes to congeal'd ſtone?
But rigid looks of Chaſt auſterity,
And noble grace that daſh't brute violence
With ſudden adoration, and blank aw.
So dear to Heav'n is Saintly Chaſtity,
That when a Soul is found ſincerely ſo,
A thouſand liveried Angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of ſin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and ſolemn viſion,
Tell her of things that no groſs ear can hear,
Till oft converſe with Heav'nly habitants
Begin to caſt a beam on th'outward ſhape,
The unpolluted Temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the Soul's eſſence,
Till all be made immortal: but when Luſt,
By unchaſte looks, looſe geſtures, and foul talk,
But moſt by leud and laviſh act of ſin,
Lets in defilement to the inward parts,
The Soul grows clotted by contagion,
Imbodies, and imbrutes, till ſhe quite loſe
The divine property of her firſt being.
Such are thoſe thick and gloomy ſhadows damp
Oft ſeen in Charnel Vaults, and Sepulchers,
Lingring, and ſitting by a new made grave,
As loath to leave the Body that it lov'd,
And link't it ſelf by carnal ſenſuality
To a degenerate and degraded ſtate.

2. *Bro.* How charming is divine Philoſophy!
Not harſh, and crabbed, as dull fools ſuppoſe,
But muſical as is *Apollo's* Lute,
And a perpetual feaſt of Nectar'd ſweets,
Where no crude ſurfeit reigns. *Eld. Bro.* Liſt, liſt, I hear
Some far off hallow break the ſilent Air.

2. *Bro.* Methought ſo too; what ſhould it be?

Eld. Bro. For certain
Either ſome one like us night-founder'd here,
Or elſe ſome Neighbour Wood-man, or, at worſt,

Some

Some roaving Robber calling to his fellows.
2. *Bro.* Heav'n keep my ſiſter. Agen, agen, and near;
Beſt draw, and ſtand upon our guard.
Eld. Bro. I'le hallow;
If he be friendly he comes well, if not,
Defence is a good cauſe, and Heav'n be for us.

The attendant Spirit, habited like a Shepherd.

That hallow I ſhould know, what are you? ſpeak;
Come not too near, you fall on Iron ſtake elſe.
Spir. What voice is that, my yound Lord? ſpeak agen.
2. *Bro.* O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, ſure.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis? Whoſe artful ſtrains hath oft delaid
The budling brook to hear his madrigal,
And ſweetn'd every muskroſe of the dale?
How cam'ſt thou here, good Swain? hath any Ram
Slipt from the fold, or young Kid loſt his dam,
Or ſtraggling Weather the pen't flock forſook?
How could'ſt thou find this dark ſequeſter'd nook?
Spir. O my lov'd Maſter's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on ſuch a trivial toy
As a ſtray'd Ewe, or to purſue the ſtealth
Of pilfering Woolf, not all the fleecy wealth
That doth inrich theſe Downs, is worth a thought
To this my errand, and the care it brought.
But, O my Virgin Lady, where is ſhe?
How chance ſhe is not in your company?
Eld. Bro. To tell thee ſadly, Shepherd, without blame,
Or our neglect, we loſt her as we came.
Spir. Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.
Eld. Bro. What fears, good *Thyrſis*? Prethee briefly ſhew.
Spir. I'le tell ye, 'tis not vain or fabulous,
(Though ſo eſteem'd by ſhallow ignorance)
What the ſage Poets taught by th' Heav'nly Muſe,
Story'd of old in high immortal verſe,
Of dire *Chimera*'s and inchanted Iles,
And rifted Rocks whoſe entrance leads to Hell,
For ſuch there be, but unbelief is blind.
Within the navel of this hideous Wood,
Immur'd in Cypreſs ſhades a Sorcerer dwells,
Of *Bacchus* and of *Circe* born, great *Comus*,
Deep ſkill'd in all his Mother's Witcheries,
And here to every thirſty wanderer,
By ſly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixt, whoſe pleaſing poiſon
The viſage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeneſs of a beaſt
Fixes inſtead, unmoulding reaſon's mintage
Character'd in the face; this have I learn't
Tending my flocks hard by i'th' hilly crofts,
That brow this bottom glade, whence night by night
He and his monſtrous rout are heard to howl
Like ſtabl'd Wolves, or Tigers at their prey,
Doing abhorred rites to *Hecate*
In their obſcured haunts of inmoſt bowers,
Yet have they many baits, and guileful ſpells,
To inveigle and invite th' unwary ſenſe
Of them that paſs unweeting by the way.
This evening late, by then the chewing flocks
Had ta'ne their ſupper on the ſavoury Herb
Of Knot-graſs dew-beſpent, and were in fold,
I ſate me down to watch upon a bank
With Ivy canopied, and interwove
With flaunting Hony-ſuckle, and began,
Wrapt in a pleaſing fit of melancholy,
To meditate upon my rural minſtrelſie,
Till fancy had her fill, but e're a cloſe
The wonted roar was up amidſt the Woods,
And fill'd the Air with barbarous diſſonance,
At which I ceas't, and liſten'd them a while,
Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpit to the drowſie frighted ſteeds
That draw the litter of cloſe curtain'd ſleep;
At laſt a ſoft and ſolemn breathing ſound
Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes,
And ſtole upon the Air, that even Silence
Was took e're ſhe was ware, and wiſht ſhe might
Deny her Nature, and be never more
Still to be ſo diſplac't. I was all ear,
And took in ſtrains that might create a Soul
Under the ribs of Death, but O e're long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my moſt honour'd Lady, your dear ſiſter.
Amaz'd I ſtood, harrow'd with grief and fear,
And, O poor hapleſs Nightingale thought I,
How ſweet thou ſing'ſt, how near the deadly ſnare!
Then down the Lawns I ran with headlong haſte,
Through paths and turnings oft'n trod by day,
Till guided by mine ear I found the place
Where that damn'd wiſard hid in ſly diſguiſe
(For ſo by certain ſigns I knew) had met
Already, e're my beſt ſpeed could prevent,
The aidleſs innocent Lady his wiſht prey,
Who gently ask't if he had ſeen ſuch two,
Suppoſing him ſome neighbour villager;
Longer I durſt not ſtay, but ſoon I gueſs't
Ye were the two ſhe meant, with that I ſprung
Into ſwift flight, till I had found you here.
But further know I not. 2. *Bro.* O night and ſhades,
How are ye join'd with Hell in tripple knot,
Againſt th' unarmed weakneſs of one Virgin
Alone, and helpleſs! is this the confidence

You

You gave me, Brother? *Eld. Bro.* Yes, and keep it ſtill,
Lean on it ſafely, not a period
Shall be unſaid for me: againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call Chance, this I hold firm,
Vertue may be aſſail'd, but never hurt,
Surpriz'd by unjuſt force, but not inthrall'd,
Yea even that which miſchief meant moſt harm,
Shall in the happy trial prove moſt glory.
But evil on it ſelf ſhall back recoyl,
And mix no more with goodneſs, when at laſt
Gather'd like ſcum, and ſetl'd to it ſelf,
It ſhall be in eternal reſtleſs change
Self-fed, and ſelf-conſum'd, if this fail,
The pillar'd firmament is rott'nneſs,
And earth's baſe built on ſtubble. But come, let's on.
Againſt th'oppoſing will and arm of Heav'n
May never this juſt Sword be lifted up,
But for that damn'd Magician, let him be girt
With all the greiſly legions that troop
Under the ſooty flag of *Acheron*,
Harpyes and *Hydra*'s, or all the monſtrous forms
'Twixt *Africa* and *Inde*, I'le find him out,
And force him to reſtore his purchaſe back,
Or drag him by the curls, to a foul death,
Curs'd as his life.

Spir. Alas! good vent'rous Youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold Empriſe,
But here thy Sword can do thee little ſtead,
Far other arms, and other weapons muſt
Be thoſe that quell the might of Helliſh charms,
He with his bare wand can unthred thy joynts,
And crumble all thy ſinews.

Eld. Bro. Why prethee, Shepherd,
How durſt thou then thy ſelf approach ſo near,
As to make this Relation?

Spir. Care and utmoſt ſhifts
How to ſecure the Lady from ſurpriſal,
Brought to my mind a certain Shepherd Lad,
Of ſmall regard to ſee to, yet well skill'd
In every vertuous plant and healing Herb
That ſpreads her verdant leaf to 'morning ray,
He lov'd me well, and oft would beg me ſing,
Which when I did, he on the tender graſs
Would ſit, and hearken even to extaſie,
And in requital ope his leathern ſcrip,
And ſhew me ſimples of a thouſand names,
Telling their ſtrange and vigorous faculties;
Amongſt the reſt a ſmall unſightly root,
But of divine effect, he cull'd me out;
The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
But in another Country, as he ſaid,
Bore a bright Golden flowre, but not in this ſoyl:
Unknown, and like eſteem'd, and the dull Swain
Treads on it daily with his clouted ſhoon,
And yet more med'cinal is it than that *Moly*
That *Hermes* once to wiſe *Ulyſſes* gave;
He call'd it *Hæmony*, and gave it me,
And bad me keep it, as of Sov'raign uſe
'Gainſt all inchantments, mildew, blaſt or damp,
Or gaſtly Furies apparition;
I purs't it up, but little reck'ning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd,
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul Inchanter, though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: if you have this about you
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the Necromancer's Hall;
Where if he be, with dauntleſs hardihood,
And brandiſh't blade ruſh on him, break his glaſs,
And ſhed the luſhious liquor on the ground,
But ſeiſe his wand, though he and his curſt crew
Fierce ſign of Battail make, and menace high,
Or like the Sons of *Vulcan* vomit ſmoak,
Yet will they ſoon retire, if he but ſhrink.
Eld. Bro. Thyrſis lead on apace, I'le follow thee,
And ſome good Angel bear a ſhield before us.

The Scene changes to a ſtately Palace, ſet out with all manner of deliciouſneſs: ſoft Muſick, Tables ſpread with all dainties. Comus *appears with his rabble, and the Lady ſet in an inchanted Chair, to whom he offers his Glaſs, which ſhe puts by, and goes about to riſe.*

Comus. Nay, Lady, ſit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chain'd up in Alablaſter,
And you a Statue, or as *Daphne* was,
Root-bound, that fled *Apollo*.

La. Fool, do not boaſt,
Thou canſt not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy Charms, although this corporal rind
Thou haſte immanacl'd, while Heav'n ſees good.

Co. Why are you vext, Lady? why do you frown?

Here

Here dwell no frowns, nor anger, from theſe gates
Sorrow flies far: See here be all the pleaſures
That fancy can beget on Youthful thoughts,
When the freſh blood grows lively, and returns
Brisk as the *April* buds in Primroſe-ſeaſon.
And firſt behold this cordial Julep here
That flames, and dances in his cryſtal bounds
With ſpirits of balm, and fragent Syrops mixt.
Not that *Nepenthes* which the wife of *Thone*,
In *Egypt* gave to *Jove*-born *Helena*
Is of ſuch power to ſtir up joy as this,
To live ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.
Why ſhould you be ſo cruel to your ſelf,
And to thoſe dainty limms which Nature lent
For gentle uſage, and ſoft delicacy?
But you invert the Cov'nants of her truſt,
And harſhly deal like an ill borrower
With that which you receiv'd on other terms,
Scorning the unexempt condition
By which all mortal frailty muſt ſubſiſt,
Refreſhment after toil, eaſe after pain,
That have been tir'd all day without repaſt,
And timely reſt have wanted, but fair Virgin
This will reſtore all ſoon.
La. 'Twill not, falſe traitor,
'Twill not reſtore the truth and honeſty
That thou haſt baniſh't from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage, and the ſafe abode
Thou told'ſt me of? What grim aſpects are theſe,
These ugly-headed Monſters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brew'd inchantments, foul deceiver,
Haſt thou betray'd my credulous innocence
With viſor'd falſhood, and baſe forgery?
And would'ſt thou ſeek again to trap me here
With lickeriſh baits fit to inſnare a brute?
Were it a draft for *Juno* when ſhe banquets,
I would not taſte thy treaſonous offer; none
But ſuch as are good men can give good things,
And that which is not good, is not delicious
To a well-govern'd and wiſe appetite.
Co. O fooliſhneſs of men! that lend their ears
To thoſe budge Doctors of the *Stoick* Furr,
And fetch their precepts from the *Cynick* Tub,
Praiſing the lean and ſallow Abſtinence.
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth,
With ſuch a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odours, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the Seas with ſpawn innumerable,
But all to pleaſe, and ſate the curious taſte?
And ſet to work millions of ſpinning Worms,
That in their green ſhops weave the ſmooth-hair'd ſilks
To deck her Sons, and that no corner might
Be vacant of her plenty, in her own loyns
She hutch't th' all-worſhipt Ore, and precious Gems
To ſtore her children with; if all the world
Should in a pet of temperance feed on Pulſe,
Drink the clear ſtream, and nothing wear but Freize,
Th'all-giver would be unthank't, would be unprais'd,
Not half his riches known, and yet deſpis'd,
And we ſhould ſerve him as a grudging Maſter,
As a penurious niggard of his wealth,
And live like Nature's baſtards, not her Sons,
Who would be quite ſurcharg'd with her own weight,
And ſtrangl'd with her waſte fertility;
Th' earth cumber'd, and the wing'd air dark't with plumes,
The herds would over-multitude their Lords,
The Sea o'refraught would ſwell, and th'unſought Diamonds
Would ſo emblaze the forehead of the Deep,
And ſo beſtudd with Stars, that they below
Would grow inur'd to light, and come at laſt
To gaze upon the Sun with ſhameleſs brows.
Liſt Lady, be not coy, and be not cozen'd
With that ſame vaunted name Virginity,
Beauty is Nature's coyn, muſt not be hoorded,
But muſt be currant, and the good thereof
Conſiſts in mutual and partak'n bliſs,
Unſavoury in th' injoyment of it ſelf;
If you let ſlip time, like a neglected roſe
It withers on the ſtalk with languiſh't head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and muſt be ſhown
In Courts, at Feaſts, and high Solemnities,
Where moſt may wonder at the workmanſhip;
It is for homely features to keep home,
They had their name thence; courſe complexions
And cheeks of ſorry grain will ſerve to ply
The ſampler, and to teize the huſwifes wooll.
What need a vermil-tinctur'd lip for that,
Love-darting eyes, or treſſes like the Morn?
There was another meaning in theſe gifts,
Think what, and be adviz'd, you are but young yet.
La. I had not thought to have unlockt my lips
In this unhallow'd air, but that this Jugler
Would think to charm my judgement, as mine eyes,
Obtruding falſe Rules, pranckt in Reaſon's garb.
I hate when vice can bolt her arguments,
And vertue has no tongue to check her pride:
Impoſtor, do not charge moſt innocent Nature,
As if ſhe would her children ſhould be riotous;
With her abundance ſhe good cateres,
Means her proviſion only to the good,
That live according to her ſober laws,
And holy dictate of ſpare Temperance:
If every juſt man, that now pines with want,
Had but a moderate and beſeeming ſhare
Of that which lewdly-pamper'd Luxury
Now heaps upon ſome few with vaſt exceſs,

Nature's full bleſſings would be well diſpenc't,
In unſuperfluous eeven proportion,
And ſhe no whit encomber'd with her ſtore,
And then the giver will be better thank't,
His praiſe due paid; for ſwiniſh gluttony
Ne're looks to Heav'n amidſt his gorgeous feaſt,
But with beſotted baſe ingratitude
Cramms, and blaſphemes his feeder. Shall I go on?
Or have I ſaid anough? To him that dares
Arm his profane tongue with contemptuous words
Againſt the Sun-clad power of Chaſtity;
Fain would I ſomething ſay, yet to what end?
Thou haſt nor Ear, nor Soul to apprehend
The ſublime notion, and high myſtery
That muſt be utter'd to unfold the ſage
And ſerious doctrine of Virginity,
And thou art worthy that thou ſhould'ſt not know
More happineſs than this thy preſent lot.
Enjoy your dear Wit, and gay Rhetorick
That hath ſo well been taught her dazling fence,
Thou art not fit to hear thy thy ſelf convinc't;
Yet ſhould I try, the uncontrouled worth
Of this pure cauſe would kindle my rap't ſpirits
To ſuch a flame of ſacred vehemence,
That dumb things would be mov'd to ſympathize,
And the brute Earth would lend her nerves, and ſhake,
Till all thy magick ſtructures rear'd ſo high,
Were ſhatter'd into heaps o're thy falſe head.

Co. She fables not, I feel that I do fear
Her words ſet off by ſome ſuperior power;
And though not mortal, yet a cold ſhudd'ring dew
Dips me all o're, as when the wrath of *Jove*
Speaks thunder, and the chains of *Erebus*
To ſome of *Saturn's* crew. I muſt diſſemble,
And try her yet more ſtrongly. Come, no more,
This is meer moral babble, and direct
Againſt the Canon Laws of our Foundation;
I muſt not ſuffer this, yet 'tis but the lees
And ſetlings of a melancholy blood;
But this will cure all ſtreight, one ſip of this
Will bathe the drooping ſpirits in delight,
Beyond the bliſs of dreams. Be wiſe, and taſte.——

The Brothers ruſh in with Swords drawn, wreſt his Glaſs out of his hand, and break it againſt the ground; his rout make ſign of reſiſtance, but are all driven in; The attendant Spirit comes in.

Spir. What, have you let the falſe Enchanter ſcape?
O ye miſtook, ye ſhould have ſnatcht his wand
And bound him faſt; without his rod revers't,
And backward mutters of diſſevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that ſits here
In ſtony fetters fixt, and motionleſs;
Yet ſtay, be not diſturb'd, now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be us'd,
Which once of *Melibæus* old I learnt, (plains.
The ſootheſt Shepherd that e're pip't on
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moiſt curb ſways the ſmooth Severn ſtream,
Sabrina is her name, a Virgin pure,
Whilom ſhe was the daughter of *Locrine*,
That had the Scepter from his Father *Brute*.
The guiltleſs damſel flying the mad purſuit
Of her enraged Stepdam *Guendolen*,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood
That ſtay'd her flight with his croſs-flowing courſe,
The water Nymphs that in the bottom plaid,
Held up their pearled wriſts and took her in,
Bearing her ſtraight to aged *Nereus* Hall,
Who piteous of her woes, rear'd her lank head,
And gave her to his daughters to imbathe
In nectar'd lavers ſtrew'd with Aſphodil,
And through the porch and inlet of each ſenſe
Dropt in Ambroſial Oyls till ſhe reviv'd,
And underwent a quick immortal change,
Made Goddeſs of the River; ſtill ſhe retains
Her Maid'n gentleneſs, and oft at Eeve
Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
Helping all Urchin blaſts, and ill-luck ſigns
That the ſhrew'd medling Elfe delights to make,
Which ſhe with precious viold liquors heals.
For which the Shepherds at their Feſtivals
Carrol her goodneſs lowd in ruſtick lays,
And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream
Of Pancies, Pinks and gaudy Daffadils.
And, as the old Swain ſaid, ſhe can unlock
The claſping charm, and thaw the numming ſpell,
If ſhe be right invok't in warbled Song,
For maid'nhood ſhe loves, and will be ſwift
To aid a Virgin, ſuch as was her ſelf,
In hard-beſetting need; this will I try,
And add the power of ſome adjuring verſe.

SONG.

Sabrina fair,
Liſten where thou art ſitting
Under the glaſſie, cool, tranſlucent Wave,
In twiſted Braids of Lillies knitting
The looſe train of thy Amber-dropping Hair;
Liſten for dear Honour's ſake,
Goddeſs of the Silver Lake,
Liſten and ſave.

Liſten

Liſten and appear to us,
In name of great *Oceanus*,
By the earth-ſhaking *Neptune*'s mace,
And *Tethys* grave majeſtick pace,
By hoary *Nereus* wrinckled look,
And the *Carpathian* wiſard's hook,
By ſcaly *Triton's* winding ſhell,
And old ſooth-ſaying *Glaucus* ſpell,
By *Leucothea*'s lovely hands,
And her Son that rules the ſtrands,
By *Thetis* tinſel-ſlipper'd feet,
And the Songs of *Sirens* ſweet,
By dead *Parthenope*'s dear tomb,
Wherewith ſhe ſits on Diamond rocks
Sleeking her ſoft alluring locks,
By all the *Nymphs* that nightly dance
Upon thy ſtreams with wily glance,
Riſe, riſe, and heave thy roſie head
From thy coral-pav'n bed,
And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our ſummons anſwer'd have.
Liſten and ſave.

Sabrina *riſes, attended by Water-Nymphs, and Sings.*

By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
Where grows the Willow and the Oſier dank,
My ſliding Chariot ſtays,
Thick ſet with Agat, and the azurn ſheen
Of Turkis blew, and Emrauld green
That in the channel ſtrays,
Whilſt from off the waters fleet
Thus I ſet my printleſs feet
O're the Cowſlips Velvet head,
That bends not as I tread,
Gentle ſwain at thy requeſt
I am here.

Spir. Goddeſs dear
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmed band
Of true Virgin here diſtreſt,
Through the force, and through the wile
Of unbleſt Inchanter vile.
Sab. Shepherd, 'tis my office beſt
To help inſnared chaſtity;
Brighteſt Lady look on me,
Thus I ſprinckle on thy breſt
Drops that from my Fountain pure,
I have kept of precious cure,
Thrice upon thy fingers tip,
Thrice upon thy rubied lip,
Next this marble venom'd ſeat
Smear'd with gumms of glutenous heat
I touch with chaſte palms moiſt and cold,
Now the ſpell hath loſt his hold;
And I muſt haſte e're morning hour
To wait in *Amphitrite*'s bow'r.

Sabrina *deſcends, and the Lady riſes out of her Seat.*

Spir. Virgin, daughter of *Locrine*,
Sprung of old *Anchiſes* line,
May thy brimmed waves for this
Their full tribute never miſs
From a thouſand petty rills,
That tumbled down thy ſnowy hills:
Summer drouth, or ſinged air
Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
Nor wet *October's* torrent flood
Thy molten cryſtal fill with mudd,
May thy billows rowl aſhoar
The Beryl, and the golden Oar,
May thy lofty head be crown'd
With many a Tower and Terras round,
And here and there thy banks upon
With Groves of Myrrhe, and Cinnamon.
Come, Lady, while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this curſed place,
Leſt the Sorcerer us entice
With ſome other new device.
Not a waſte, or needleſs ſound,
Till we come to holier ground,
I ſhall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy Covert wide,
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's Reſidence,
Where this night are met in ſtate
Many a friend to gratulate
His wiſh't preſence, and beſide,
All the Swains that there abide,
With Jiggs, and rural dance reſort,
We ſhall catch them at their ſport,
And our ſudden coming there
Will double all their mirth and chere;
Come let us haſte, the Stars grow high,
But night ſits Monarch yet in the mid ſky.

The Scene changes, preſenting Ludlow *Town, and the Preſident's Caſtle, then come in Country Dancers, after them the attendant Spirit, with the two Brothers and the Lady.*

SONG.

Spir. *Back, Shepherds, back, enough your play,*
Till next Sun-ſhine holiday,
Here be without duck or nod
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and ſuch Court guiſe
As Mercury *did firſt deviſe*
With the mincing Dryades
On the Lawns, and on the Leas.

This

This ſecond Song preſents them to their Father and Mother.

Noble Lord, and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight,
Here hold ſo goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own,
Heav'n hath timely tri'd their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth.
And ſent them here through hard aſſays
With a Crown of deathleſs Praiſe,
To triumph in victorious dance
O're ſenſual Folly, and Intemperance.

The Dances ended, the Spirit Epiloguizes.

Spir. To the Ocean now I fly,
And thoſe happy climes that ly
Where day never ſhuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I ſuck the liquid air
All amidſt the Gardens fair
Of *Heſperus*, and his daughters three
That ſing about the golden tree:
Along the criſped ſhades and bowers
Revels the ſpruce and jocond Spring,
The Graces, and the roſie-boſom'd Hours,
Thither all their bounties bring,
That there eternal Summer dwells,
And Weſt winds, with musky wing
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and *Caſſia's* balmy ſmells.
Iris there with humid bow,
Waters the odorous banks that blow
Flowers of more mingled hew
Than her purfi'd ſcarf can ſhew,
And drenches with *Elyſian* dew
(Liſt mortals if your ears be true)
Beds of Hyacinth, and Roſes
Where young *Adonis* oft repoſes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In ſlumber ſoft, and on the ground
Sadly ſits th'*Aſſyrian* Queen;
But far above in ſpangled ſheen
Celeſtial *Cupid* her fam'd Son advanc't,
Holds his dear *Pſyche* ſweet intranc't,
After her wandring labours long,
Till free conſent the Gods among
Make her his eternal Bride,
And from her fair unſpotted ſide
Two bliſsful twins are to be born,
Youth and joy; ſo *Jove* hath ſworn.
But now my task is ſmoothly don,
I can fly, or I can run
Quickly to the green earths end,
Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend,
And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
To the corners of the Moon.
Mortals that would follow me,
Love vertue, ſhe alone is free,
She can teach ye how to clime
Higher than the Sphery chime;
Or if Vertue feeble were,
Heav'n it ſelf would ſtoop to her.

ARCADES.

Part of an Entertainment preſented to the Counteſs Dowager of Darby *at* Harefield, *by ſome Noble Perſons of her Family, who appear on the Scene in Paſtoral Habit, moving toward the ſeat of State, with this Song.*

1. SONG.

LOok Nymphs, and Shepherds look,
What ſudden blaze of Majeſty
Is that which we from hence deſcry
Too divine to be miſtook:
This this is ſhe
To whom our vows and wiſhes bend,
Here our ſolemn ſearch hath end.

Fame, that her high worth to raiſe,
Seem'd erſt ſo laviſh and profuſe,
We may juſtly now accuſe
Of detraction from her praiſe,
Leſs than half we find expreſt,
Envy bid conceal the reſt.

Mark what radiant ſtate ſhe ſpreads,
In circle round her ſhining throne,
Shooting her beams like Silver threds,
This this is ſhe alone,
Sitting like a Goddeſs bright,
In the center of her light.

Might ſhe the wiſe *Latona* be,
Or the towred *Cybele*,
Mother of a hundred Gods;
Juno dares not give her odds;
Who had thought this clime had held
A deity ſo unparallel'd?

As they come forward, the Genius of the Wood appears, and turning toward them, ſpeaks.

GEn. Stay gentle Swains, for though in this diſguiſe,

I ſee bright honour ſparkle through your eyes,
Of famous *Arcady* ye are, and ſprung
Of that renowned flood, ſo often ſung,
Divine *Alpheus*, who by ſecret ſluſe,
Stole under Seas to meet his *Arethuſe*;
And ye, the breathing Roſes of the Wood,
Fair Silver-buskin'd Nymphs as great and good,
I know this queſt of yours, and free intent
Was all in Honour and Devotion ment
To the great Miſtreſs of your princely ſhrine,
Whom with low reverence I adore as mine,
And with all helpful ſervice will comply
To further this nights glad ſolemnity;
And lead ye where ye may more near behold
What ſhallow-ſearching *Fame* hath left untold;
Which I full oft amidſt theſe ſhades alone
Have ſate to wonder at, and gaze upon:
For know by lot from *Jove* I am the pow'r
Of this fair Wood, and live in Oak'n bow'r,
To nurſe the Saplings tall, and curl the grove,
With Ringlets quaint; and wanton windings wove.
And all my Plants I ſave from nightly ill,
Of noiſom winds, and blaſting vapours chill.
And from the Boughs bruſh off the evil dew,
And heal the harms of thwarting thunder blew,
Or what the croſs dire-looking Planet ſmites,
Or hurtful Worm with canker'd venom bites.
When Ev'ning gray doth riſe, I fetch my round
Over the mount, and all this hallow'd ground,
And early e're the odorous breath of morn
Awakes the ſlumb'ring leaves, or taſſel'd horn
Shakes the high thicket, haſte I all about,
Number my ranks, and viſit every ſprout
With puiſſant words, and murmurs made to bleſs,
But elſe in deep of night when drowſineſs
Hath lock't up mortal Senſe, then liſten I
To the celeſtial *Sirens* harmony,
That ſit upon the nine enfolded Sphears,
And ſing to thoſe that hold the vital ſhears,
And turn the Adamantine ſpindle round,
On which the fate of Gods and men is wound.
Such ſweet compulſion doth in muſick ly,
To lull the daughters of *Neceſſity*,
And keep unſteddy Nature to her Law,
And the low World in meaſur'd motion draw
After the Heavenly tune, which none can hear
Of human mould with groſs unpurged ear;
And yet ſuch Muſick worthieſt were to blaze
The peerleſs height of her immortal praiſe,
Whoſe luſtre leads us, and for her moſt fit,
If my inferior hand or voice could hit
Inimitable ſounds, yet as we go,
What e're the skill of leſſer Gods can ſhow,
I will aſſay, her worth to celebrate,
And ſo attend ye toward her glittering ſtate;
Where ye may all that are of noble ſtemm
Approach, and kiſs her ſacred veſtures hemm.

2. *SONG.*

O'Re the ſmooth enamel'd green,
Where no print of ſtep hath been,
Follow me as I ſing,
And touch the warbled ſtring.
Under the ſhady roof
Of branching Elm-Star-proof.
Follow me,
I will bring you where ſhe ſits
Clad in ſplendor as befits
Her deity.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

3. *SONG.*

NYmphs and Shepherds dance no more
By ſandy *Ladons* Lillied banks,
On old *Lycæus* or *Cyllene* hoar,
Trip no more in twilight ranks,
Though *Erymanth* your loſs deplore,
A better ſoyl ſhall give ye thanks.
From the ſtony *Mænalus*,
Bring your Flocks, and live with us,
Here ye ſhall have greater grace,
To ſerve the Lady of this Place.
Though *Syrinx* your *Pan's* Miſtreſs were,
Yet *Syrinx* well might wait on her.
Such a rural Queen
All *Arcadia* hath not ſeen.

On the Morning of Chriſt's Nativity.

I.

THis is the Month, and this the happy Morn (King,
Wherein the Son of Heav'ns eternal
Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,
Our great Redemption from above did bring;
For ſo the holy Sages once did ſing,
That he our deadly forfeit ſhould releaſe,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II.

That glorious Form, that Light unſufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majeſty,
Wherewith he wont at Heav'ns high Council-
To ſit the midſt of Trinal Unity, (Table,
He laid aſide; and here with us to be,
Forſook the Courts of everlaſting Day,
And choſe with us a darkſom Houſe of mortal Clay.

III.

Say Heav'nly Muſe, ſhall not thy Sacred vein
Afford a Preſent to the Infant God?
Haſt thou no Verſe, no Hymn, or ſolemn ſtrein,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the Heav'n by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the ſpangled hoſt keep watch in ſquadrons bright?

IV.

See how from far upon the Eaſtern rode
The Star-led Wiſards haſte with odours ſweet,
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his bleſſed feet;
Have thou the Honour firſt, thy Lord to greet,
And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his ſecret Altar toucht with hallow'd fire.

The Hymn.

I.

IT was the Winter wilde,
While the Heav'n-born-child,
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to him
Had doff't her gawdy trim,
With her great Maſter ſo to ſympathize:
It was no ſeaſon then for her
To wanton with the Sun her luſty Paramour.

II.

Only with ſpeeches fair
She woo's the gentle Air
To hide her guilty front with innocent Snow,
And on her naked ſhame,
Pollute with ſinful blame,
The Saintly Veil of Maiden white to throw,
Confounded, that her Makers eyes
Should look ſo near upon her foul deformities.

III.

But he her fears to ceaſe,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace, (ſliding
She crown'd with Olive green, came ſoftly
Down through the turning ſphear
His ready Harbinger, (dividing,
With Turtle wing the amorous clouds
And waving wide her mirtle wand,
She Strikes an univerſal Peace through Sea and (Land.

IV.

No War, or Battels ſound
Was heard the World around
The idle Spear and Shield were high up hung,
The hooked Chariot ſtood,
Unſtain'd with hoſtile blood, (throng,
The Trumpet ſpake not to the armed
And Kings ſate ſtill with awful Eye, (by.
As if they ſurely knew their Soveraign Lord was

V.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of light
His raign of peace upon the earth began:
The Winds with wonder whiſt,
Smoothly the waters kiſt,
Whiſpering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While Birds of Calm ſit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI.

The Stars with deep amaze
Stand fixt in ſtedfaſt gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light;
Or *Lucifer* that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow, (go.
Until their Lord himſelf beſpake, and bid them

VII.

And though the ſhady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himſelf with-held his wonted ſpeed,
And hid his head for ſhame,
As his inferiour flame, (need;
The new enlightn'd world no more ſhould
He ſaw a greater Sun appear (could bear.
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree

VIII.

The Shepherds on the Lawn,
Or e're the point of dawn,
Sate ſimply chatting in a ruſtick row;
Full little thought they than,
That the mighty *Pan*
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or elſe their ſheep,
Was all that did their ſilly thoughts ſo buſie (keep.

IX.

When ſuch Muſick ſweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger ſtrook,
Divinely-warbl'd voice
Anſwering the ſtringed noiſe,
As all their Souls in bliſsful rapture took:
The Air ſuch pleaſure loth to loſe,
With thouſand Echo's ſtill prolongs each heav'nly cloſe.

X. Nature

X.

Nature that heard ſuch ſound
Beneath the hollow round
Of *Cynthia*'s ſeat, the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almoſt won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its laſt fulfilling;
She knew ſuch harmony alone (union.
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier

XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their ſight
A Globe of circular light, (array'd,
That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night
The helmed Cherubim
And ſworded Seraphim, (plaid,
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings dif-
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire, (Heir.
With unexpreſſive notes to Heav'ns new-born

XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of morning ſung,
While the Creator great
His Conſtellations ſet,
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,
And caſt the dark foundations deep, (keep.
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel

XIII.

Ring out ye Cryſtal ſphears,
Once bleſs our humane ears,
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)
And let your ſilver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the Baſe of Heav'ns deep Organ blow,
And with your ninefold Harmony
Make up full conſort to th'Angelick ſymphony.

XIV.

For if ſuch holy Song
Enwrap our fancy long, (Gold,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of
And ſpeckl'd vanity
Will ſicken ſoon and die,
And leprous ſin will melt from earthly mould,
And Hell it ſelf will paſs away, (day.
And leave her dolorous manſions to the peering

XV.

Yea Truth, and Juſtice then
Will down return to men, (ring
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and like glories wea-
Mercy will ſit between,
Thron'd in Celeſtial ſheen, (ſtearing,
With radiant feet the tiſſued clouds down
And Heav'n, as at ſome Feſtival, (Hall.
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace

XVI.

But wiſeſt Fate ſays no,
This muſt not yet be ſo,
The Babe lies yet in ſmiling Infancy,
That on the bitter croſs
Muſt redeem our loſs;
So both himſelf and us to glorifie:
Yet firſt to thoſe ychain'd in ſleep,
The wakeful trump of doom muſt thunder
through the deep.

XVII.

With ſuch a horrid clang
As on mount *Sinai* rang, (out brake:
While the red fire, and ſmouldring clouds
The aged Earth agaſt
With terrour of that blaſt,
Shall from the Surface to the Center ſhake;
When at the Worlds laſt Seſſion,
The dreadful Judge in middle Air ſhall ſpread
(his throne.

XVIII.

And then at laſt our bliſs
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; from this happy day
Th'old Dragon under ground
In ſtraiter limits bound,
Not half ſo far caſts his uſurped ſway,
And wroth to ſee his Kingdom fail,
Swindges the ſcaly Horrour of his foulded tail.

XIX.

The Oracles are dum,
No voice or hideous humm (deceiving,
Runs through the arched roof in words
Apollo from his ſhrine
Can no more divine, (ving.
With hollow ſhriek the ſteep of *Delphos* lea-
No nightly trance, or breathed ſpell,
Inſpires the pale-ey'd Prieſt from the prophe-
(tick cell.

XX.

The lonely mountains o're,
And the reſounding ſhore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;
From haunted ſpring, and dale
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with ſighing ſent,
With flowr-inwov'n treſſes torn
The Nymphs in twilight ſhade of tangled
thickets mourn.

XXI. In

XXI.

In conſecrated Earth,
And on the holy Hearth, (plaint,
The *Lars*, and *Lemures* moan with midnight
In Urns, and Altars round,
A drear and dying ſound
Affrights the *Flamins* at their ſervice quaint;
And the chill Marble ſeems to ſweat, (ſeat.
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted

XXII.

Peor, and *Baalim*,
Forſake their Temples dim,
With that twice batter'd god of *Paleſtine*,
And mooned *Aſhtaroth*,
Heav'ns Queen and Mother both,
Now ſits not girt with Tapers holy ſhine,
The Libyck *Hammon* ſhrinks his horn,
In vain the *Tyrian* Maids their wounded *Thamuz* mourn.

XXIII.

And ſullen *Moloch* fled,
Hath left in ſhadows dred,
His burning Idol all of blackeſt hue;
In vain with Cymbals ring,
They call the griſly King,
In diſmal dance about the furnace blue;
The brutiſh gods of *Nile* as faſt,
Iſis and *Orus*, and the Dog *Anubis* haſt.

XXIV.

Nor is *Oſiris* ſeen
In *Memphian* Grove, or Green, (loud:
Trampling the unſhowr'd Graſs with lowings
Nor can he be at reſt
Within his ſacred cheſt, (ſhroud,
Naught but profoundeſt Hell can be his
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark (Ark.
The ſable-ſtoled Sorcerers bear his worſhipt

XXV.

He feels from *Juda's* Land
The dreaded Infants hand,
The rayes of *Bethlehem* blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the Gods beſide,
Longer dare abide,
Not *Typhon* huge ending in ſnaky twine:
Our Babe to ſhew his Godhead true,
Can in his ſwadling bands controul the damn-
(ed crew.

XXVI.

So when the Sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his Chin upon an Orient Wave,
The flocking ſhadows pale,
Troop to th'infernal Jail,
Each fetter'd Ghoſt ſlips to his ſeveral grave,
And the yellow-skirted *Fayes*, (lov'd maze,
Fly after the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-

XXVII.

But ſee the Virgin bleſt,
Hath laid her Babe to reſt. (ending:
Time is our tedious Song ſhould here have
Heav'ns youngeſt teemed Star,
Hath fixt her poliſht Car, (attending:
Her ſleeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp
And all about the Courtly Stable,
Bright-harneſt Angels ſit in order ſerviceable.

A Paraphraſe on *Pſal.* 114.

This and the following *Pſalm* were done by the Author at fifteen years old.

When the bleſt ſeed of *Terah's* faithful Son,
After long toil their liberty had won,
And paſt from *Pharian* Fields to *Canaan* Land,
Led by the ſtrength of the Almighties hand,
Jehovah's wonders were in *Iſrael* ſhown,
His praiſe and Glory was in *Iſrael* known.
That ſaw the troubled Sea, and ſhivering fled,
And ſought to hide his froth becurled-head
Low in the Earth, *Jordans* clear ſtreams recoil,
As a faint Hoſt that hath receiv'd the foil.
The high, huge-bellied Mountains skip like Rams
Amongſt their Ews, the little Hills like Lambs.
Why fled the Ocean? And why skipt the Mountains? (Fountains?
Why turned *Jordan* toward his Chryſtal
Shake earth, and at the preſence be agaſt
Of him that ever was, and ay ſhall laſt,
That glaſſy flouds from rugged rocks can cruſh,
And make ſoft rills from fiery flint-ſtones guſh.

Pſalm 136.

Let us with a gladſom mind
Praiſe the Lord, for he is kind,
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Let us blaze his Name abroad,
For of gods he is the God;
For his, *&c.*

O let us his praiſes tell,
Who doth the wrathful Tyrants quell.
For his, *&c.*

Who with his miracles doth make
Amazed Heav'n and Earth to ſhake.
For his, *&c.*

Who

Who by his Wiſdom did create
The painted Heav'ns ſo full of ſtate.
For his, &c.

Who did the ſolid Earth ordain
To riſe above the watry Plain.
For his, &c.

Who by his all-commanding might,
Did fill the new-made World with light.
For his, &c.

And caus'd the Golden-treſſed Sun,
All the day long his courſe to run.
For his, &c.

The horned Moon to ſhine by night,
Amongſt her ſpangled ſiſters bright.
For his, &c.

He with his thunder-claſping hand,
Smote the firſt born of *Egypt* Land.
For his, &c.

And in deſpight of *Pharao* fell,
He brought from thence his *Iſrael*.
For, &c.

The ruddy waves he cleft in twain,
Of the *Erythræan* main.
For, &c.

The floods ſtood ſtill like Walls of Glaſs,
While the Hebrew Bands did paſs.
For, &c.

But full ſoon they did devour
The Tawny King with all his power.
For, &c.

His choſen People he did bleſs
In the waſteful Wilderneſs.
For, &c.

In bloody battel he brought down
Kings of proweſs and renown.
For, &c.

He foild bold *Seon* and his Hoſt,
That rul'd the *Amorrean* coaſt.
For, &c.

And large-limb'd *Og* he did ſubdue,
With all his over-hardy crew.
For, &c.

And to his Servant *Iſrael*,
He gave their Land therein to dwell.
For, &c.

He hath with a piteous eye
Beheld us in our miſery.
For, &c.

And freed us from the ſlavery
Of the invading enemy.
For, &c.

All living creatures he doth feed,
And with full hand ſupplies their need.
For, &c.

Let us therefore warble forth
His mighty Majeſty and worth.
For, &c.

That his manſion hath on high
Above the reach of mortal eye.
For his mercies ay endure,
Ever faithful, ever ſure.

Anno ætatis 17.

On the Death of a fair Infant, dying of a Cough.

I.

O Faireſt flower no ſooner blown but blaſted,
Soft ſilken Primroſe fading timeleſſly,
Summer's chief Honour if thou hadſt out-laſted
Bleak winters force that made thy bloſſom drie;
For he being amorous on that lovely die
That did thy cheek envermeil, thought to kiſs
But kill'd, alas, and then bewail'd his fatal bliſs.

II.

For ſince grim *Aquilo* his charioter
By boiſtrous rape th'Athenian damſel got,
He thought it toucht his Deitie full neer,
If likewiſe he ſome fair one wedded not,
Thereby to wipe away th' infamous blot,
Of long-uncoupled bed, and childleſs eld,
Which 'mongſt the wanton Gods a foul reproach was held.

III.

So mounting up in ycie-pearled carr,
Through middle empire of the freezing air
He wander'd long, till thee he ſpy'd from farr,
There ended was his queſt, there ceaſt his care.
Down he deſcended from his Snow-ſoft chair,
But all unwares with his cold-kind embrace
Unhous'd thy Virgin Soul from her fair biding place.

IV.

Yet art thou not inglorious in thy fate;
For ſo *Apollo*, with unweeting hand
Whilome did ſlay his dearly-loved mate
Young *Hyacinth* born on *Eurota*'s ſtrand,
Young *Hyacinth* the pride of *Spartan* land;
But then transform'd him to a purple flower,
Alack that ſo to change thee winter had no power.

V.

Yet can I not perſwade me thou art dead,
Or that thy coarſe corrupts in earth's dark womb,
Or that thy beauties lie in wormie bed,
Hid from the World in a low delved tomb;
Could Heav'n for pitie thee ſo ſtrictly doom?
Oh no? for ſomething in thy face did ſhine
Above mortalitie, that ſhew'd thou waſt divine.

IV.

Reſolve me then, oh Soul moſt ſurely bleſt,
(If ſo it be that thou theſe plaints doſt hear)
Tell me bright Spirit where e're thou hovereſt
Whether above that high firſt-moving Sphere,
Or in the Eliſian fields (if ſuch there were.)
O ſay me true, if thou wert mortal wight,
And why from us ſo quickly thou didſt take thy flight.

VII.

Wert thou ſome Starr which from the ruin'd (roof
Of ſhak't *Olympus* by miſchance didſt fall;
Which careful *Jove* in Nature's true behoof
Took up, and in fit place did reinſtal?
Or did of late earth's Sons beſiege the wall
Of ſheenie Heav'n, and thou ſome goddeſs fled
Amongſt us here below to hide thy nectar'd head.

VIII.

Or wert thou that juſt Maid who once before
Forſook the hated earth, O tell me ſooth,
And cam'ſt again to viſit us once more?
Or wert thou that ſweet ſmiling Youth!
Or that crown'd Matron ſage white-robed truth?
Or any other of that Heav'nly brood
Let down in clowdie throne to do the World ſome good.

IX.

Or wert thou of the golden-winged hoaſt,
Who having clad thy ſelf in humane weed,
To earth from thy præfixed ſeat didſt poaſt,
And after ſhort abode flie back with ſpeed,
As if to ſhew what creatures Heav'n doth breed,
Thereby to ſet the hearts of men on fire
To ſcorn the ſordid world, and unto Heav'n aſpire.

X.

But oh why didſt thou not ſtay here below
To bleſs us with thy Heav'n-lov'd innocence,
To ſlake his wrath whom ſin hath made our foe,
To turn ſwift-ruſhing black perdition hence,
Or drive away the ſlaughtering peſtilence;
To ſtand 'twixt us and our deſerved ſmart;
But thou canſt beſt perform that office where thou art.

XI.

Then thou the Mother of ſo ſweet a Child
Her falſe imagin'd loſs ceaſe to lament,
And wiſely learn to curb thy ſorrows wild;
Think what a preſent thou to God haſt ſent,
And render him with patience what he lent;
This if thou do, he will an off-ſpring give,
That till the World's laſt-end ſhall make thy name to live.

The Paſſion.

I.

ERe-while of Muſick, and Ethereal mirth,
Wherewith the ſtage of Air and Earth did ring,
And joyous news of Heav'nly Infants birth,
My muſe with Angels did divide to ſing;
But headlong joy is ever on the wing,
In Wintry ſolſtice like the ſhortn'd light
Soon ſwallow'd up in dark and long out-living night.

II.

For now to ſorrow muſt I tune my ſong,
And ſet my Harp to notes of ſaddeſt wo,
Which on our deareſt Lord did ſeiſe e're long,
Dangers, and ſnares, and wrongs, and worſe than ſo,
Which he for us did freely undergo.
Moſt perfect *Heroe*, try'd in heavieſt plight
Of labours huge and hard, too hard for human wight.

III.

He ſov'ran Prieſt ſtooping his regal head
That dropt with odorous oil down his fair eyes,
Poor fleſhly Tabernacle entered,
His ſtarry front low-rooft beneath the skies;
O what a mask was there, what a diſguiſe!
Yet more; the ſtroke of death he muſt abide,
Then lies him meekly down faſt by his Brethrens ſide.

IV. Theſe

IV.

Theſe lateſt ſcenes confine my roving verſe,
To this Horizon is my *Phœbus* bound,
His Godlike acts; and his temptations fierce,
And former ſufferings other where are found;
Loud o're the reſt *Cremona*'s Trump doth ſound;
Me ſofter airs befit, and ſofter ſtrings
Of Lute, or Viol ſtill, more apt for mournful things.

V.

Befriend me night, beſt Patroneſs of grief,
Over the Pole thy thickeſt mantle throw,
And work my flatter'd fancy to belief, (wo;
That Heav'n and Earth are colour'd with my
My ſorrows are too dark for day to know:
The leaves ſhould all be black whereon I write,
And letters where my tears have waſht a wanniſh white.

VI.

See, ſee the Chariot, and thoſe ruſhing wheels,
That whirl'd the Prophet up at *Chebar* flood,
My ſpirit ſome tranſporting *Cherub* feels,
To bear me where the Towers of *Salem* ſtood,
Once glorious Towers, now ſunk in guiltleſs blood;
There doth my ſoul in holy viſion ſit
In penſive trance, and anguiſh, and ecſtatick fit.

VII.

Mine eye hath found that ſad Sepulchral rock
That was the Casket of Heav'ns richeſt ſtore,
And here though grief my feeble hands up lock,
Yet on the ſoftned Quarry would I ſcore
My plaining verſe as lively as before;
For ſure ſo well inſtructed are my tears,
That they would fitly fall in order'd Characters.

VIII.

Or ſhould I thence hurried on viewleſs wing,
Take up a weeping on the Mountains wilde,
The gentle neighbourhood of grove and ſpring
Would ſoon unboſom all their Echoes milde,
And I (for grief is eaſily beguil'd) (loud,
Might think th' infection of my ſorrows
Had got a race of mourners on ſome pregnant cloud.

This Subject the Author finding to be above the years he had, when he wrote it, and nothing ſatisfi'd with what was begun, left it unfiniſht.

On Time.

FLy envious *Time*, till thou run out thy race,
Call on the lazy leaden-ſtepping hours,
Whoſe ſpeed is but the heavy Plummets pace;
And glut thy ſelf with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is falſe and vain,
And meerly mortal droſs;
So little is our loſs,
So little is thy gain.
For when as each thing bad thou haſt entomb'd,
And laſt of all thy greedy ſelf conſum'd,
Then long Eternity ſhall greet our bliſs
With an individual kiſs;
And Joy ſhall overtake us as a flood,
When every thing that is ſincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love ſhall ever ſhine
About the ſupreme Throne
Of him, t'whoſe happy-making ſight alone,
When once our Heav'nly-guided ſoul ſhall clime,
Then all this Earthy groſneſs quit,
Attir'd with Stars, we ſhall for ever ſit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time.

Upon the Circumciſion.

YE flaming Powers, and winged Warriours bright,
That erſt with Muſick, and triumphant ſong
Firſt heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear,
So ſweetly ſung your Joy the Clouds along
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſt'ning night;
Now mourn, and if ſad ſhare with us to bear
Your fiery eſſence can diſtil no tear,
Burn in your ſighs, and borrow
Seas wept from our deep ſorrow,
He who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear
Enter'd the World, now bleeds to give us eaſe;
Alas,

Alas, how ſoon our ſin
Sore doth begin
His Infancy to ſeaſe!
O more exceeding love or law more juſt?
Juſt law indeed, but more exceeding love!
For we by rightful doom remedileſs
Were loſt in death, till he that dwelt above
High thron'd in ſecret bliſs, for us frail duſt
Emptied his glory, ev'n to nakedneſs;
And that great Cov'nant which we ſtill tranſ-
Intirely ſatisfi'd, (greſs
And the full wrath beſide
Of vengeful Juſtice bore for our exceſs,
And ſeals obedience firſt with wounding ſmart
This day, but O e're long
Huge pangs and ſtrong
Will pierce more near his heart.

At a ſolemn Muſick.

BLeſt pair of *Sirens* pledges of Heav'ns joy,
Sphear-born harmonious Siſters, Voice, and Verſe,
Wed your divine ſounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreath'd ſenſe able to pierce,
And to our high-rais'd phantaſie preſent,
That undiſturbed Song of pure conſent,
Ay ſung before the ſaphire-colour'd throne
To him that ſits thereon
With Saintly ſhout, and ſolemn Jubily,
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud up-lifted Angel trumpets blow,
And the Cherubick hoſt in thouſand quires
Touch their immortal Harps of golden wires,
With thoſe juſt Spirits that wear victorious (Palms,
Hymns devout and holy Pſalms
Singing everlaſtingly;
That we on Earth with undiſcording voice
May rightly anſwer that melodious noiſe;
As once we did, till diſproportion'd ſin (din
Jarr'd againſt natures chime, and with harſh
Broke the fair Muſick that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whoſe love their motion (ſway'd
In perfect Diapaſon, whilſt they ſtood
In firſt obedience, and their ſtate of good.
O may we ſoon again renew that Song, (long
And keep in tune with Heav'n, till God e're
To his celeſtial conſort us unite, (of light.
To live with him, and ſing in endleſs morn

An Epitaph on the Marchioneſs of *Winchester.*

THis rich Marble doth enterr
The honour'd Wife of *Winchester*,
A Viſcounts daughter, an Earls heir,
Beſides what her vertues fair
Added to her noble birth,
More than ſhe could own from Earth.
Summers three times eight ſave one
She had told, alas too ſoon,
After ſo ſhort time of breath,
To houſe with darkneſs, and with death.
Yet had the number of her days
Bin as compleat as was her praiſe,
Nature and fate had had no ſtrife
In giving limit to her life.
Her high birth, and her graces ſweet,
Quickly found a lover meet;
The Virgin quire for her requeſt
The God that ſits at marriage feaſt;
He at their invoking came
But with a ſcarce-well-lighted flame;
And in his Garland as he ſtood,
Ye might diſcern a Cypreſs bud.
Once had the early Matrons run
To greet her of a lovely Son,
And now with ſecond hope ſhe goes,
And calls *Lucina* to her throws;
But whether by-miſchance or blame
Atropos for *Lucina* came;
And with remorſeleſs cruelty,
Spoil'd at once both fruit and tree:
The hapleſs Babe before his birth
Had burial, yet not laid in earth,
And the languiſht Mothers Womb
Was not long a living Tomb.
So have I ſeen ſome tender ſlip,
Sav'd with care from Winter's nip,
The pride of her carnation train,
Pluck't up by ſome unheedy ſwain,
Who only thought to crop the flow'r
New ſhot up from vernal ſhow'r;
But the fair bloſſom hangs the head
Side-ways, as on a dying bed,
And thoſe Pearls of dew ſhe wears,
Prove to be preſaging tears
Which the ſad morn had let fall
On her haſt'ning Funeral.
Gentle Lady may thy grave
Peace and quiet ever have;
After this thy travel ſore
Sweet reſt ſeiſe thee evermore,
That to give the World encreaſe,
Shortned haſt thy own lives leaſe;
Here, beſides the ſorrowing
That thy noble Houſe doth bring,
Here be tears of perfect moan
Weept for thee in *Helicon*,

And

And ſome Flowers, and ſome Bays,
For thy Herſe, to ſtrew the ways,
Sent thee from the banks of *Came*,
Devoted to thy vertuous name;
Whilſt thou, bright Saint, high ſit'ſt in glory,
Next her much like to thee in ſtory,
That fair *Syrian* Shepherdeſs,
Who after years of barrenneſs,
The highly favour'd *Joſeph* bore
To him that ſerv'd for her before,
And at her next birth much like thee,
Through pangs fled to felicity,
Far within the boſom bright,
Of blazing Majeſty and Light,
There with thee, new welcom Saint,
Like fortunes may her ſoul acquaint,
With thee there clad in radiant ſheen,
No Marchioneſs, but now a Queen.

SONG. *On May Morning.*

NOw the bright morning Star, Day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the Eaſt, and leads with her
The Flowry *May*, who from her green lap throws
The yellow Cowſlip, and the pale Primroſe.
Hail bounteous *May* that doſt inſpire
Mirth and Youth and warm deſire,
Woods and Groves are of thy dreſſing,
Hill and Dale doth boaſt thy bleſſing.
Thus we ſalute thee with our early Song,
And welcom thee, and wiſh thee long.

On *Shakeſpear.* 1630

WHat needs my *Shakeſpear* for his honour'd Bones,
The labour of an age in piled Stones,
Or that his hallow'd reliques ſhould be hid
Under a Star-ypointing *Pyramid*?
Dear Son of memory, great heir of Fame,
What need'ſt thou ſuch weak witneſs of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and aſtoniſhment
Haſt built thy ſelf a live-long Monument.
For whilſt to th'ſhame of ſlow-endeavouring art,
Thy eaſie numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalu'd Book,
Thoſe Delphick lines with deep impreſſion took,
Then thou our fancy of it ſelf bereaving,
Doſt make us Marble with too much conceiving;
And ſo Sepulcher'd in ſuch pomp doſt lie,
That Kings for ſuch a Tomb would wiſh to die.

On the Univerſity Carrier, who ſickn'd in the time of his vacancy, being forbid to go to London, *by reaſon of the Plague.*

HEre lies old *Hobſon*, Death hath broke his girt,
And here, alas! hath laid him in the dirt,
Or elſe the ways being foul, twenty to one,
He's here ſtuck in a ſlough, and overthrown.
'Twas ſuch a ſhifter, that if truth were known,
Death was half glad when he had got him down;
For he had any time this ten years full,
Dodg'd with him, betwixt *Cambridge* and the Bull.
And ſurely, Death could never have prevail'd,
Had not his weekly courſe of carriage fail'd;
But lately finding him ſo long at home,
And thinking now his journeys end was come,
And that he had ta'ne up his lateſt Inn,
In the kind Office of a Chamberlin
Shew'd him his room where he muſt lodge that night,
Pull'd off his Boots, and took away the light:
If any ask for him, it ſhall be ſed,
Hobſon has ſupt, and's newly gon to bed.

Another on the ſame.

HEre lieth one who did moſt truly prove,
That he could never die while he could move,
So hung his deſtiny, never to rot
While he might ſtill jogg on and keep his trot,
Made of ſphear-metal, never to decay
Until his revolution was at ſtay.
Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime
'Gainſt old truth) motion number'd out his time:
And like an Engine mov'd with wheel and waight,
His principles being ceaſt, he ended ſtrait,
Reſt that gives all men life, gave him his death,
And too much breathing put him out of breath;

Nor were it contradiction to affirm
Too long vacation haſtned on his term.
Meerly to drive the time away he ſickn'd,
Fainted, and died, nor would with Ale be quickn'd,
Nay, quoth he, on his ſwooning bed out-ſtretch'd,
If I may not carry, ſure I'le ne're be fetch'd,
But vow, though the croſs Doctors all ſtood hearers,
For one Carrier put down to make ſix bearers.
Eaſe was his chief diſeaſe, and to judge right,
He di'd for heavineſs that his Cart went light,
His leiſure told him that his time was come,
And lack of load, made his life burdenſom,
That even to his laſt breath (there be that ſay't)
As he were preſt to death, he cry'd more waight;
But had his doings laſted as they were,
He had been an immortal Carrier.
Obedient to the Moon he ſpent his date
In courſe reciprocal, and had his fate
Linkt to the mutual flowing of the Seas,
Yet (ſtrange to think) his wain was his increaſe:
His Letters are deliver'd all and gon,
Only remains this Superſcription.

Anno Ætatis 19. *At a Vacation Exerciſe in the Colledge, part* Latin, *part* Engliſh. *The* Latin *ſpeeches ended, the* Engliſh *thus began.*

HAil native Language, that by ſinews weak
Didſt move my firſt endeavouring tongue to ſpeak,
And mad'ſt inperfect words with childiſh trips,
Half unpronounc't ſlide through my infant-lips,
Driving dumb ſilence from the portal door,
Where he had mutely ſate two years before:
Here I ſalute thee, and thy pardon ask,
That now I uſe thee in my latter task:
Small loſs it is that thence can come unto thee,
I know my tongue but little Grace can do thee:
Thou need'ſt not be ambitious to be firſt,
Believe me I have thither packt the worſt:
And, if it happen as I did forecaſt,
The daintieſt diſhes ſhall be ſerv'd up laſt.
I pray thee then deny me not thy aid
For this ſame ſmall neglect that I have made:
But haſte thee ſtrait to do me once a Pleaſure,
And from thy wardrobe bring thy chiefeſt treaſure;
Not thoſe new fangled toys, and trimings ſlight
Which takes our late fantaſticks with delight,
But cull thoſe richeſt Robes, and gay'ſt attire
Which deepeſt Spirits, and choiceſt Wits deſire:
I have ſome naked thoughts that rove about
And loudly knock to have their paſſage out;
And weary of their place do only ſtay
Till thou haſt deck't them in thy beſt aray;
That ſo they may without ſuſpect or fears
Fly ſwiftly to this fair Aſſembly's ears;
Yet I had rather, if I were to chuſe,
Thy ſervice in ſome graver ſubject uſe,
Such as may make thee ſearch thy coffers round,
Before thou cloath my fancy in fit ſound: (ſoar
Such where the deep tranſported mind may
Above thee wheeling poles, and at Heav'ns door
Look in, and ſee each bliſsful Deity
How he before the thunderous throne doth lie,
Liſtening to what unſhorn *Apollo* ſings
To th'touch of golden wires, while *Hebe* brings
Immortal Nectar to her Kingly Sire: (fire,
Then paſſing through the Spheres of watchful
And miſtie Regions of wide air next under,
And hills of Snow and Iofts of piled Thunder,
May tell at length how green-ey'd *Neptune* raves,
In Heav'ns defiance muſtering all his waves;
Then ſing of ſecret things that came to paſs
When Beldam Nature in her cradle was;
And laſt of Kings and Queens and *Hero's* old,
Such as the wiſe *Demodocus* once told
In ſolemn Songs at King *Alcinous* feaſt,
While ſad *Ulyſſes* ſoul and all the reſt
Are held with his melodious harmonie
In willing chains and ſweet captivitie.
But fie, my wandring Muſe, how thou doſt ſtray!
Expectance calls thee now another way,
Thou know'ſt it muſt be now thy only bent
To keep in compaſs of thy Predicament:
Then quick about thy purpos'd buſineſs come,
That to the next I may reſign my Room.

Then Ens *is repreſented as Father of the Prædicaments his ten Sons, whereof the Eldeſt ſtood for* Subſtance *with his Canons, which* Ens, *thus ſpeaking, explains.*

GOod luck befriend thee, Son; for at thy birth
The Faiery Ladies danc't upon the hearth;
Thy drowſie Nurſe hath ſworn ſhe did them ſpie
Come tripping to the Room where thou didſt lie;
And ſweetly ſinging round about thy Bed
Strew all their bleſſings on thy ſleeping Head.
She heard them give thee this, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtill
From eyes of mortals walk inviſible,
Yet there is ſomething that doth force my fear,
For once it was my diſmal hap to hear
A *Sybil* old, bow-bent with crooked Age,
That far Events full wiſely could preſage,
And in times long and dark Proſpective Glaſs
Fore-ſaw what future days ſhould bring to paſs,
Your Son, ſaid ſhe, (nor can you it prevent)
Shall ſubject be to many an Accident.

O'r

O're all his Brethren he ſhall Reign as King,
Yet every one ſhall make him underling,
And thoſe that cannot live from him aſunder,
Ungratefully ſhall ſtrive to keep him under,
In worth and excellence he ſhall out-go them,
Yet being above them, he ſhall be below them;
From others he ſhall ſtand in need of nothing,
Yet on his Brothers ſhall depend for Cloathing.
To find a Foe it ſhall not be his hap,
And peace ſhall lull him in her flow'ry lap;
Yet ſhall he live in ſtrife, and at his door
Devouring War ſhall never ceaſe to roar:
Yea it ſhall be his natural property
To harbour thoſe that are at enmity. (if not
What powr, what force, what mighty ſpell,
Your learned hands, can looſe this Gordian knot?

The next Quantity *and* Quality, *ſpake in Proſe, then* Relation *was call'd by his Name.*

RIvers ariſe; whether thou be the Son,
Of utmoſt *Tweed*, or *Ooſe*, or gulphie *Dun*,
Or *Trent*, who like ſome earth-born Giant ſpreads
His thirty Arms along the indented Meads,
Or ſullen *Mole* that runneth underneath,
Or *Severn* ſwift, guilty of Maidens death,
Or Rockie *Avon*, or of Sedgie *Lee*,
Or Coaly *Tine*, or ancient hallowed *Dee*,
Or *Humber* loud that keeps the *Scythians* Name,
Or *Medway* ſmooth, or Royal Towred *Thame*.

The reſt was Proſe.

On the new forcers of Conſcience under the Long PARLIAMENT.

BEcauſe you have thrown off your Prelate Lord,
And with ſtiff Vows renounc'd his Liturgie,
To ſeiſe the widdow'd whore Pluralitie
From them whoſe ſin ye envi'd, not abhor'd,
Dare ye for this adjure the Civil Sword
To force our Conſciences that Chriſt ſet free,
And ride us with a claſſic Hierarchy
Taught ye by meer *A. S.* and *Rotherford*?
Men whoſe Life, Learning, Faith and pure intent
Would have been held in high eſteem with *Paul*
Muſt now be nam'd and printed Hereticks
By ſhallow *Edwards* and Scotch what d' ye call:
But we do hope to find out all your tricks,
Your plots and packing worſe than thoſe of *Trent*,
That ſo the Parliament
May with their wholſom and preventive Shears
Clip your Phylacteries, though bank your Ears,
And ſuccour our juſt Fears
When they ſhall read this clearly in your charge,
New Presbyter is but *Old Prieſt* writ Large.

SONNETS.

I.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy Spray
Warbl'ſt at eeve, when all the Woods are ſtill, (fill,
Thou with freſh hope the Lover's heart doſt
While the jolly hours lead on propitious *May*,
Thy liquid notes that cloſe the eye of Day,
First heard before the ſhallow Cuccoo's bill
Portend ſucceſs in love; O if *Jove*'s will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy ſoft lay,
Now timely ſing, e're the rude Bird of Hate
Foretel my hopeleſs doom in ſome Grove ny:
As thou from year to year haſt ſung too late
For my relief; yet hadſt no reaſon why,
Whether the Muſe, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I ſerve, and of their train am I.

II.

Donna leggiadra il cui bel nome honora
L'herboſa val di Rheno, e il nobil varco,
Bene è colui d'ogni valore ſcarco
Qual tuo ſpirto gentil non innamora,
Che dolcemente moſtra ſi di fuora
De ſui atti ſoavi giamai parco,
E i don', che ſon d'amor ſaette ed arco.
La onde l' alta tua virtu s'infiora.
Quando tu vaga parli, o lieta canti
Che mover poſſa duro alpeſtre legno,
Guardi ciaſcun a gli occhi, ed a gli orecchi
L'entrata, chi di te ſi truova indegno;
Gratia ſola di ſu gli vaglia, inanti
Che'l diſio amoroſo al cuor s'invecchi.

III.

Qual in colle aſpro, al imbrunir di ſera
L'avezza giovinetta paſtorella
Va bagnando l'herbetta ſtrana e bella
Che mal ſi ſpande a diſuſata ſpera
Four di ſua natia alma primavera,
Coſi amor meco inſu la lingua ſnello
Deſta il fior novo di ſtrania favella,
Mentre io di te, vezzoſamente altera,
Canto, dal mio buon popol non inteſo
E'l bel Tamigi cangio col bel Arno.

Amor

Amor lo volſe, ed io a l'altrui peſo
Seppi ch' Amor coſa mai volſe indarno.
Deh! foſſ' il mio cuor lento e'l duro ſeno
A chi pianta dal ciel ſi buon terreno.

Canzone.

Ridonſi donne e giovani amoroſi
M' accoſtandoſi attorno, e perche ſcrivi,
Perche tu ſcrivi in lingua ignota e ſtrana
Verſeggiando d'amor, e come t'oſi?
Dinne, ſe la tua ſpeme ſia mai vana,
E de penſieri lo miglior t' arrivi;
Coſi mi van burlando, altri rivi
Altri lidi t'aſpettan, & altre onde
Nelle cui verdi ſponde
Spuntati ad hor, ad hor a la tua chioma
L'immortal guiderdon d'eterne frondi
Perche alle ſpalle tue ſoverchia ſoma?
Canzon dirotti, e tu per me riſpondi
Dice mia Donna, e'l ſuo dir, e il mio cuore
Queſta e lingua di cui ſi vanta Amore.

IV.

Diodati, e te'l diro con maraviglia,
Quel ritroſo io ch'amor ſpreggiar ſolea
E de ſuoi lacci ſpeſſo mi ridea
Gia caddi, ov'huom dabben talhor s'impiglia.
Ne treccie d'ore, ne guancia vermiglia
M' abbaglian ſi, ma ſotto nova idea
Pellegrina bellezza che'l cuor bea,
Portamenti alti honeſti, e nelle ciglia
Quel ſereno fulgor d' amabil nero,
Parole adorne di lingua piu d'una,
E'l cantar che di mezzo l'hemiſpero
Traviar ben puo la faticoſa Luna,
E degli occhi ſuoi avventa ſi gran fuoco
Che l'incerar gli orecchi mi fia poco.

V.

Per certo i bei voſtr'occhi, Donna mia
Eſſer non puo che non ſian lo mio ſole
Si mi percuoton forte, come ei ſuole
Per l'arene di Libia chi s'invia,
Mentre un caldo vapor (ne ſenti pria)
Da quel lato ſi ſpinge ove mi duole,
Che forſe amanti nelle lor parole
Chiaman ſoſpir; io non ſo che ſi ſia:
Parte rinchiuſa, e turbida ſi cela
Scoſſo mi il petto, e poi n'uſcendo poco
Quivi d'attorno o s'aggbiaccia, o s'ingiela;
Ma quanto a gli occhi giunge e trovar loco
Tutte le notti a me ſuol far piovoſe
Finche mia Alba rivien colma di roſe.

VI.

Giovane piano, e ſemplicetto amante
Poi che fuggir me ſteſſo indubbio ſono,
Madonna a voi del mio cuor l'humil dono
Farò divoto; io certo a prove tante
L'bebbi fedele, intrepido, coſtante,
De penſieri leggiadro, accorto, e buono;
Quando rugge il gran mondo, e ſcocca il tuono,
S'arma di ſe, d' intero diamante,
Tanto del forſe, e d' invidia ſicuro,
Di timori, e ſperanze al popol uſe
Quanto d'ingegno, e d'alto valor vago,
E di cetra ſonora, e delle muſe:
Sol troverete in tal parte men duro
Ove amor miſe l'inſanabil ago.

VII.

How ſoon hath time, the ſuttle thief of youth,
Stoln on his wing my three and twentieth year!
My haſting days flie on with full career,
But my late ſpring no bud or bloſſom ſhew'th.
Perhaps my ſemblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arriv'd ſo near,
And inward ripeneſs doth much leſs appear,
That ſome more timely-happy ſpirits indu'th.
Yet be it leſs or more, or ſoon or ſlow,
It ſhall be ſtill in ſtricteſt meaſure eev'n,
To that ſame lot, however mean or high,
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heav'n;
All is, if I have grace to uſe it ſo,
As ever in my great task-Maſter's eye.

VIII.

Captain or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
Whoſe chance on theſe defenceleſs doors may ſe aſe,
If deed of honour did thee ever pleaſe,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms,
He can requite thee, for he knows the charms
That call Fame on ſuch gentle acts as theſe,
And he can ſpread thy Name o're Lands and Seas,
What ever clime the Sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy ſpear againſt the Muſes Bowre,
The great *Emathian* Conqueror bid ſpare
The houſe of *Pindarus*, when Temple and Towre
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of ſad *Electra*'s Poet had the power
To ſave th' *Athenian* Walls from ruine bare.

IX.

Lady that in the prime of earlieſt youth,
Wiſely hath ſhun'd the broad way and the green,
And with thoſe few art eminently ſeen,
That labour up the Hill of Heav'nly Truth,
The better part with *Mary* and with *Ruth*,
Choſen thou haſt, and they that overween,
And at thy growing vertues fret their ſpleen,
No anger find in thee, but pity and ruth.

Thy

Thy care is fixt and zealouſly attends (light,
To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of
And Hope that reaps not ſhame. Therefore be ſure
Thou, when the Bridegroom with his feaſtful friends
Paſſes to bliſs at the mid hour of night,
Haſt gain'd thy entrance, Virgin wiſe and pure.

X.

Daughter to that good Earl, once Preſident
Of *England's* Council, and her Treaſury,
Who liv'd in both, unſtain'd with gold or fee.
And left them both, more in himſelf content,
Till the ſad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that diſhoneſt victory
At *Cbæronea*, fatal to Liberty,
Kill'd with report that Old man eloquent,
Though later born, than to have known the days
Wherein your Father flouriſht, yet by you,
Madam, me thinks I ſee him living yet;
So well your words his noble vertues praiſe,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to poſſeſs them, Honour'd *Margaret*.

XI.

A Book was writ of late call'd *Tetrachordon*;
And wov'n cloſe, both matter, form and ſtile;
The Subject new: it walk'd the Town a while,
Numb'ring good intellects; now ſeldom por'd on.
Cries the ſtall-reader, bleſs us! what a word on
A title page is this! and ſome in file
Stand ſpelling falſe, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why is harder Sirs than Gordon,
Colkitto, or Macdonnel, or Galaſp?
Thoſe rugged Names to our like mouths grow ſleek
That would have made *Quintilian* ſtare and gaſp.
Thy age, like ours, O Soul of Sir *John Cheek*,
Hated not Learning worſe than Toad or Aſp;
When thou taught'ſt *Cambridge*, and King *Edward* Greek.

XII. *On the ſame.*

I did but prompt the Age to quit their clogs
By the known rules of ancient Liberty,
When ſtrait a barbarous noiſe environs me
Of Owls and Cuckoes, Aſſes, Apes and Dogs.
As when thoſe Hinds that were transform'd to Frogs
Rail'd at *Latona's* twin-born Progenie
Which after held the Sun and Moon in fee.
But this is got by caſting Pearl to Hogs;
That bawle for freedom in their ſenceleſs mood,
And ſtill revolt when truth would ſet them free.
Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
For who loves that, muſt firſt be wiſe and good;
But from that mark how far they roave we ſee
For all this waſt of wealth, and loſs of blood.

To Mr. H. Lawes *on his Aires.*

XIII.

Harry whoſe tuneful and well meaſur'd Song
Firſt taught our Engliſh Muſick how to ſpan
Words with juſt note and accent, not to ſcan
With *Midas* Ears, committing ſhort and long;
Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,
With praiſe enough for Envy to look wan;
To after age thou ſhalt be writ the man,
That with ſmooth air could'ſt humour beſt our tongue.
Thou honour'ſt Verſe, and Verſe muſt ſend her wing
To honour thee, the Prieſt of *Phœbus* Quire
That tun'ſt their happieſt lines in Hymn, or Story,
Dante ſhall give Fame leave to ſet thee higher
Than his *Caſella*, whom he woo'd to ſing
Met in the milder ſhades of Purgatory.

XIV.

When Faith and Love which parted from thee (never,
Had ripen'd thy juſt Soul to dwell with God,
Meekly thou didſt reſign this earthly load
Of Death, call'd Life; which us from Life doth ſever.
Thy Works and Alms and all thy good Endeavour
Staid not behind, nor in the Grave were trod;
But as Faith pointed with her Golden rod,
Follow'd thee up to joy and bliſs for ever.
Love led them on, and Faith who knew them beſt
Thy hand-maids, clad them o're with purple beams
And azure wings, that up they flew ſo dreſt,
And ſpeak the truth of thee on glorious Theams
Before the Judge, who thenceforth bid thee reſt
And drink thy fill of pure immortal ſtreams.

On the late Maſſacher in Piemont.

XV.

Avenge, O Lord, thy ſlaughter'd Saints, whoſe (bones
Lie ſcatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold,
Ev'n them who kept thy truth ſo pure of old
When all our Fathers worſhip't Stocks and Stones,

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy Sheep and in their ancient Fold
Slain by the bloody *Piemonteſe* that roll'd
Mother with Infant down the Rocks. Their moans
The Vales redoubl'd to the Hills, and they
To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and aſhes ſow
O're all th' *Italian* Fields where ſtill doth ſway
The triple Tyrant: that from theſe may grow
A hunder'd-fold, who having learnt thy way
Early may fly the *Babylonian* wo.

XVI.

When I conſider how my light is ſpent,
E're half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one Talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me uſeleſs, though my Soul more bent
To ſerve therewith my Maker, and preſent
My true account, leaſt he returning chide,
Doth God exact day-labour, light deny'd,
I fondly ask; But patience to prevent
That murmur, ſoon replies, God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts, who beſt
Bear his mild yoak, they ſerve him beſt, his State
Is Kingly. Thouſands at his bidding ſpeed
And poſt o're Land and Ocean without reſt:
They alſo ſerve who only ſtand and wait.

XVII.

Lawrence of vertuous Father vertuous Son,
Now that the Fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where ſhall we ſometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waſt a ſullen day; what may be won
From the hard Seaſon gaining: time will run
On ſmoother, till *Favonius* re-inſpire
The frozen earth; and cloath in freſh attire
The Lillie and Roſe, that neither ſow'd nor ſpun.
What neat repaſt ſhall feaſt us, light and choice,
Of Attick taſt, with Wine, whence we may riſe
To hear the Lute well toucht, or artful voice
Warble immortal Notes and *Tuskan* Air?
He who of thoſe delights can judge, and ſpare
To interpoſe them oft, is not unwiſe.

XVIII.

Cyriack, whoſe Grandſire on the Royal Bench
Of Brittiſh *Themis*, with no mean applauſe
Pronounc't and in his Volumes taught our Laws,
Which others at their Barr ſo often wrench;
To day deep thoughts reſolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws;
Let *Euclid* reſt and *Archimedes* pauſe,
And what the *Swede* intend, and what the *French*.
To meaſure life, learn thou betimes, and know
Toward ſolid good what leads the neareſt way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And diſapproves that care, though wiſe in ſhow,
That with ſuperfluous burden loads the day,
And when God ſends a cheerful hour, refrains.

XIX.

Methought I ſaw my late eſpouſed Saint
Brought to me like *Alceſtis* from the grave,
Whom *Jove*'s great Son to her glad Husband gave,
Reſcu'd from death by force though pale and faint.
Mine as whom waſht from ſpot of child-bed taint,
Purification in the old Law did ſave,
And ſuch, as yet once more I truſt to have
Full ſight of her in Heaven without reſtraint,
Came veſted all in white, pure as her mind:
Her face was vail'd, yet to my fancied ſight,
Love, Sweetneſs, Goodneſs, in her Perſon ſhin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But O as to embrace me ſhe enclin'd
I wak'd, ſhe fled, and day brought back my night.

The Fifth Ode of Horace, *Lib.* I.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in Roſa, *Rendred almoſt word for word without Rhyme, according to the Latin Meaſure, as near as the Language will permit.*

WHat ſlender Youth bedew'd with liquid odours
Courts thee on Roſes in ſome pleaſant Cave,
Pyrrha for whom bind'ſt thou
In wreaths thy golden Hair,
Plain in thy neatneſs; O how oft ſhall he
On Faith and changed Gods complain: and Seas
Rough with black winds and ſtorms
Unwonted ſhall admire:
Who now enjoys thee credulous, all Gold,
Who always vacant always amiable
Hopes thee; of flattering gales
Unmindful. Hapleſs they
To whom thou untry'd ſeem'ſt fair. Me in my vow'd
Picture the ſacred wall declares t' have hung
My dank and dropping weeds
To the ſtern God of Sea.

AD PYRRHAM. Ode *V.*

Horatius ex Pyrrhæ illecebris tanquam è naufragio enataverat, cujus amore irretitos, affirmat eſſe miſeros.

Quis multa gracilis te puer in roſa
Perfuſus liquidis urget odoribus,
Grato, Pyrrha, *ſub antro?*
Cui flavam religas comam
Simplex munditie? heu quoties fidem
Mutatoſque deos flebis, & aſpera
Nigris æquora ventis
Emirabitur inſolens,
Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea:
Qui ſemper vacuam, ſemper amabilem
Sperat, neſcius auræ
Fallacis. Miſeri quibus
Intentata nites. Me tabula ſacer
Votiva paries indicat uvida
Suſpendiſſe potenti
Veſtimenta maris Deo.

PSAL. I. *Done into Verſe,* 1653.

BLeſs'd is the man who hath not walk'd aſtray
In counſel of the wicked, and i'th' way
Of ſinners hath not ſtood, and in the ſeat
Of ſcorners hath not ſate. But in the great
Jehovahs Law is ever his delight,
And in his Law he ſtudies day and night.
He ſhall be as a tree which planted grows
By watry ſtreams, and in his ſeaſon knows
To yield his fruit, and his leaf ſhall not fall,
And what he takes in hand ſhall proſper all.
Not ſo the wicked, but as chaff which fann'd
The wind drives, ſo the wicked ſhall not ſtand
In judgement, or abide their tryal then,
Nor ſinners in th' aſſembly of juſt men.
For the Lord knows th'upright way of the juſt,
And the way of bad men to ruine muſt.

PSAL. II. *Done Aug.* 8. 1653. *Terzetti.*

WHy do the Gentiles tumult, and the Nations
Muſe a vain thing, the Kings of th'earth upſtand
With power, and Princes in their Congregations
Lay deep their plots together through each Land,
Againſt the Lord and his Meſſiah dear?
Let us break off, ſay they, by ſtrength of hand
Their bonds, and caſt from us, no more to wear,
Their twiſted cords: he who in Heaven doth dwell
Shall laugh, the Lord ſhall ſcoff them, then ſevere
Speak to them in his wrath, and in his fell
And fierce ire trouble them; but I, ſaith hee
Anointed have my King (though ye rebell)
On Sion my holy hill. A firm decree
I will declare; the Lord to me hath ſaid
Thou art my Son, I have begotten thee
This day; ask of me, and the grant is made;
As thy poſſeſſion I on thee beſtow
Th'Heathen, and as thy conqueſt to be ſway'd
Earth's utmoſt bounds: them ſhalt thou bring full low
With Iron Scepter bruis'd, and them diſperſe
Like to a potters veſſel ſhiver'd ſo.
And now be wiſe at length ye Kings averſe,
Be taught ye Judges of the earth; with fear
Jehovah ſerve, and let your joy converſe
With trembling; kiſs the Son leaſt he appear
In anger and ye periſh in the way,
If once his wrath take fire like fuel ſere.
Happy all thoſe who have in him their ſtay.

PSAL. 3.. Aug. 9. 1653.

When he fled from Abſalom.

LOrd how many are my foes!
How many thoſe
That in arms againſt me riſe!
Many are they

That

That of my life diſtruſtfully thus ſay,
No help for him in God there lies.
But thou Lord art my ſhield my glory,
Thee through my ſtory
Th' exalter of my head I count;
Aloud I cry'd
Unto Jehovah, he full ſoon reply'd
And heard me from his holy mount.
I lay and ſlept, I wak'd again,
For my ſuſtain
Was the Lord. Of many millions
The populous rout
I fear not, though incamping round about
They pitch againſt me their Pavillions.
Riſe, Lord, ſave me my God, for thou
Haſt ſmote e're now
On the cheek-bone all my foes,
Of men abhor'd (the Lord;
Haſt broke the teeth. This help was from
Thy bleſſing on thy people flows.

P S A L. IV. *Aug.* 10. 1653.

ANſwer me when I call,
God of my righteouſneſs,
In ſtraights and in diſtreſs
Thou didſt me diſinthrall
And ſet at large; now ſpare,
Now pity me, and hear my earneſt pray'r.
Great ones how long will ye
My glory have in ſcorn,
How long be thus forborn
Still to love vanity,
To love, to ſeek, to prize (lies?
Things falſe and vain, and nothing elſe but
Yet know the Lord hath choſe,
Choſe to himſelf apart,
The good and meek of heart
(For whom to chuſe he knows)
Jehovah from on high
Will hear my voice what time to him I crie.
Be aw'd, and do not ſin,
Speak to your hearts alone,
Upon your beds, each one,
And be at peace within.
Offer the offerings juſt
Of righteouſneſs, and in Jehovah truſt.
Many there be that ſay
Who yet will ſhew us good?
Talking like this world's brood;
But, Lord, thus let me pray,
On us lift up the light
Lift up the favour of thy count'nance bright.
Into my heart more joy
And gladneſs thou haſt put,
Than when a year of glut
Their ſtores doth over-cloy,
And from their plenteous grounds (bounds.
With vaſt increaſe their corn and wine a-
In peace at once will I
Both lay me down and ſleep,
For thou alone doſt keep
Me ſafe, where e're I lie;
As in a rocky Cell
Thou Lord alone in ſafety mak'ſt me dwell.

P S A L. V. *Aug.* 12. 1653.

JEhovah to my words give ear,
My meditation weigh,
The voyce of my complaining hear
My King and God; for unto thee I pray.
Jehovah thou my early voyce
Shalt in the morning hear,
I'th' morning I to thee with choice
Will rank my Prayers, and watch till thou ap-
For thou art not a God that takes (pear.
In wickedneſs delight,
Evil with thee no biding makes,
Fools or mad men ſtand not within thy ſight.
All workers of iniquity
Thou hat'ſt; and them unbleſt
Thou wilt deſtroy that ſpeak a ly;
The bloody and guileful man God doth deteſt.
But I will in thy mercies dear
Thy numerous mercies go
Into thy Houſe; I in thy fear
Will towards thy Holy Temple worſhip low;
Lord lead me in thy righteouſneſs,
Lead me becauſe of thoſe
That do obſerve If I tranſgreſs,
Set thy ways right before, where my ſtep goes.
For in his faltring mouth unſtable
No word is firm or ſooth
Their inſide, troubles miſerable; (ſmooth;
An open grave their throat, their tongue they
God, find them guilty, let them fall
By their own counſels quell'd;
Puſh them in their rebellions all
Still on; for againſt thee they have rebell'd;
Then all who truſt in thee ſhall bring
Their joy, while thou from blame
Defend'ſt them, they ſhall ever ſing
And ſhall triumph in thee, who love thy name.
For thou Jehovah wilt be found
To bleſs the juſt man ſtill,
As with a ſhield thou wilt ſurround
Him with thy laſting favour and good will.

P S A L. VI. *Aug.* 13. 1653.

LOrd in thine anger do not reprehend me,
Nor in thy hot diſpleaſure me correct;
Pity me, Lord, for I am much deject,
Am very weak and faint; heal and amend me,
For all my bones, that even with anguiſh ake,
Are troubled, yea my Soul is troubled ſore,
And thou, O Lord, how long? turn Lord,
reſtore
My ſoul, O ſave me for thy goodneſs ſake:
For

For in death no remembrance is of thee;
Who in the grave can celebrate thy praiſe?
Wearied I am with ſighing out my days,
Nightly my Couch I make a kind of Sea;
My Bed I water with my tears; mine Eye
Through grief conſumes, is waxen old and dark
I'th' mid'ſt of all mine enemies that mark.
Depart all ye that work iniquitie.
Depart from me, for the voice of my weeping
The Lord hath heard, the Lord hath heard my pray'r,
My ſupplication with acceptance fair,
The Lord will own, and have me in his keeping.
Mine enemies ſhall all be blank and daſh't
With much confuſion; then grow red with ſhame,
They ſhall return in haſt the way they came,
And in a moment ſhall be quite abaſh't.

PSAL. VII. Aug. 14. 1653.

Upon the words of Chuſh *the* Benjamite *againſt him.*

LOrd my God to thee I flie,
Save me and ſecure me under
Thy protection while I cry,
Leſt as a Lion (and no wonder)
He haſte to tear my Soul aſunder,
Tearing and no reſcue nigh.

Lord my God if I have thought
Or done this, if wickedneſs
Be in my hands, if I have wrought
Ill to him that meant me peace,
Or to him have render'd leſs,
And not free'd my foe for naught;

Let th' enemy purſue my Soul
And overtake it, let him tread
My life down to the earth, and roul
In the duſt my Glory dead,
In the duſt and there out ſpread
Lodge it with diſhonour foul.

Riſe Jehovah in thine ire,
Rouze thy ſelf amidſt the rage
Of my foes that urge like fire;
And wake for me, their fury aſſwage;
Judgment here thou didſt ingage
And command which I deſire.

So th' aſſemblies of each Nation
Will ſurround thee, ſeeking right,
Thence to thy glorious habitation
Return on high, and in their ſight.
Jehovah judgeth moſt upright
All people from the worlds foundation.

Judge me Lord, be judge in this
According to my righteouſneſs
And the innocence which is
Upon me: cauſe at length to ceaſe
Of evil men the wickedneſs
And their power that do amiſs.

But the juſt eſtabliſh faſt,
Since thou art the juſt God that tries
Hearts and Reins. On God is caſt
My defence, and in him lies
In him who both juſt and wiſe
Saves th' upright of Heart at laſt.

God is a juſt judge and ſevere,
And God is every day offended;
If th' unjuſt will not forbear,
His Sword he whets, his Bow hath bended
Already, and for him intended
The tools of death, that waits him near.

(His arrows purpoſely made he
For them that perſecute.) Behold
He travels big with vanitie,
Trouble he hath conceav'd of old
As in a womb, and from that mould
Hath at length brought forth a Lie.

He dig'd a pit, and delv'd it deep,
And fell into the pit he made,
His miſchief that due courſe doth keep,
Turns on his head, and his ill trade
Of violence will undelay'd
Fall on his crown with ruine ſteep.

Then will I Jehovah's praiſe
According to his juſtice raiſe,
And ſing the Name and Deity
Of Jehovah the moſt high.

PSAL. VIII. *Aug.* 14. 1653.

O Jehovah our Lord! how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth?
So as above the Heavens thy praiſe to ſet
Out of the tender mouths of lateſt bearth,

Out of the mouths of Babes and Sucklings thou
Haſt founded ſtrength becauſe of all thy foes,
To ſtint th' enemy, and ſlack th'avengers brow,
That bends his rage thy providence to oppoſe.

When I behold thy Heavens, thy Fingers art,
The Moon and Stars which thou ſo bright haſt ſet,
In the pure firmament, then ſaith my heart,
O what is man that thou remembreſt yet,
And think'ſt upon him; or of man begot,
That him thou viſit'ſt, and of him art found;

Scarce to be leſs than Gods, thou mad'ſt his lot,
With honour and with ſtate thou haſt him crown'd.

O're the works of thy hand thou mad'ſt him Lord,
Thou haſt put all under his Lordly feet,
All Flocks, and Herds, by thy commanding word,
All beaſts that in the field or forreſt meet.

Fowl of the Heavens, and Fiſh that through the wet
Sea paths in ſhoals do ſlide. And know no dearth.
O Jehovah our Lord how wondrous great
And glorious is thy name through all the Earth.

April. 1648. J. M.

Nine of the Pſalms done into Metre, wherein all but what is in a different Character, are the very words of the Text, tranſlated from the Original.

PSAL. LXXX.

1 THou Shepherd that doſt Iſrael *keep*
Give ear *in time of need*,
Who leadeſt like a flock of ſheep
Thy loved Joſeph's ſeed,
That ſitt'ſt between the Cherubs *bright*
Between their wings out-ſpread
Shine forth, *and from thy cloud give light*,
And on our foes thy dread.
2 In Ephraims view and Benjamins,
And in Manaſſe's ſight, * *Gnorera.*
Awake * thy ſtrength, come, and *be ſeen*
To ſave us *by thy might.*
3 Turn us again, *thy grace divine*
To us O God *vouchſafe*;
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
4 Lord God of Hoſts, how long wilt thou,
How long wilt thou declare * *Gnaſhanta.*
Thy * ſmoaking wrath, *and angry brow*
Againſt thy Peoples prayer.
5 Thou feed'ſt them with the bread of tears,
Their bread with tears they eat, * *Shaliſh.*
And mak'ſt them * largely drink the tears
Wherewith their cheeks are wet.
6 A ſtrife thou mak'ſt us *and a prey*
To every neighbour foe,
Among themſelves they * laugh, they * play,
And * flouts at us they throw. * *Jilgnagu.*
7 Return us, *and thy grace divine*,
O God of Hoſts *vouchſafe*,
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.
8 A Vine from Ægypt thou haſt brought,
Thy free love made it thine,
And drov'ſt out Nations *proud and haut*,
To plant this *lovely* Vine.
9 Thou did'ſt prepare for it a place,
And root it deep and faſt,
That it *began to grow apace*,
And fill'd the Land *at laſt.*
10 With her *green* ſhade that cover'd *all*,
The Hills were *over-ſpread*,
Her Bows as *high as* Cedars tall
Advanc'd their lofty head.
11 Her branches *on the weſtern ſide.*
Down to the Sea ſhe ſent,
And *upward* to that River *wide*
Her other branches *went.*
12 Why haſt thou laid her Hedges low,
And brok'n down her Fence,
That all may pluck her, as they go,
With rudeſt violence?
13 The *tusked* Boar out of the Wood
Up turns it by the roots,
Wild beaſts there brouze, and make their food
Her Grapes and tender Shoots.
14 Return now, God of Hoſts, look down
From Heav'n, thy Seat divine,
Behold *us*, *but without a frown*,
And viſit this *thy* Vine.
15 Viſit this Vine, which thy right hand
Hath ſet, and planted *long*,
And the young branch, that for thy ſelf
Thou haſt made firm and ſtrong.
16 But now it is conſum'd with fire,
And cut *with Axes* down,
They periſh at thy dreadful ire,
At thy rebuke and frown.
17 Upon the man of thy right hand
Let thy *good* hand be *laid*,
Upon the Son of Man, whom thou
Strong for thy ſelf haſt made.
18 So ſhall we not go back from thee
To ways of ſin and ſhame,
Quick'n us thou, then *gladly* wee
Shall call upon thy Name.
19 Return us, *and thy grace divine*
Lord God of Hoſts *voutſafe*,
Cauſe thou thy face on us to ſhine,
And then we ſhall be ſafe.

PSAL. LXXXI.

1 TO God our ſtrength ſing loud, *and clear*,
Sing loud to God *our King*,
To Jacob's God, *that all may hear*
Loud acclamations ring.
2 Prepare a Hymn, prepare a Song,
The Timbrel hither bring,
The *cheerful* Pſaltry bring along,
And harp *with* pleaſant *ſtring*,
3 Blow, *as is wont*, in the new Moon
With Trumpets *lofty ſound*,

Th' ap-

Th'appointed time, the day whereon
Our ſolemn Feaſt *comes round.*
4 This was a Statute *giv'n of old*
For Iſrael *to obſerve,*
A Law of Jacob's God, *to hold,*
From whence they might not ſwerve.
5 This he a Teſtimony ordain'd
In Joſeph, *not to change,*
When as he paſs'd through Ægypt Land;
The Tongue I heard was ſtrange.
6 From burden, *and from ſlaviſh toyle*
I ſet his ſhoulder free:
His hands from pots, *and mirie ſoyle,*
Deliver'd were *by me.*
7 When trouble did thee ſore aſſail,
On me then didſt thou call,
And I to free thee *did not fail.*
And led thee out of thrall.
I anſwer'd thee in * Thunder deep * *Be Sether*
With clouds encompaſs'd round; *ragnam.*
I try'd thee at the water *ſteep*
Of Meriba *renown'd.*
8 Hear, O my People, *heark'n well,*
I teſtifie to thee,
Thou ancient ſtock of Iſrael,
If thou wilt liſt to mee,
9 Throughout the Land of thy abode
No alien God ſhall be,
Nor ſhalt thou to a foreign God
In Honour bend thy knee.
10 I am the Lord thy God which brought
Thee out of Ægypt Land,
Ask large enough, and I, *beſought,*
Will grant thy full demand.
11 And yet my people would not *hear,*
Nor hearken to my voice;
And Iſrael, *whom I lov'd ſo dear,*
Miſlik'd me for his choice.
12 Then did I leave them to their will,
And to their wandring mind;
Their own conceits they follow'd ſtill,
Their own deviſes blind.
13 O that my People would *be wiſe,*
To ſerve me *all their days,*
And O that Iſrael would *adviſe*
To walk my *righteous* ways.
14 Then would I ſoon bring down their foes,
That now ſo proudly riſe,
And turn my hand againſt *all thoſe*
That are their enemies.
15 Who hate the Lord ſhould *then be fain*
To bow to him and bend,
But *they, his People, ſhould remain,*
Their time ſhould have no end.
16 And we would feed them *from the ſhock*
With Flow'r of fineſt wheat,
And ſatisfie them from the rock
With Honey *for their meat.*

PSAL. LXXXII.

* *Bagnadath-el.*

1 GOd in the * great * aſſembly ſtands
Of Kings and lordly States,
† Among the Gods † on both his hands
He judges and debates. † *Bekerev.*
2 How long will ye * pervert the right
With * judgment falſe and wrong, * *Tiſhphetu*
Favouring the wicked *by your might, gnavel.*
Who thence grow bold and ſtrong.
3 *Regard the * weak and fatherleſs * *Shipthu-*
* Diſpatch the * poor man's cauſe, *dal.*
And † raiſe the man in deep diſtreſs
By † juſt and equal Laws. † *Hatzdiku.*
4 Defend the poor and deſolate,
And reſcue from the hands
Of wicked men the low eſtate
Of him *that help demands.*
5 They know not, nor will underſtand,
In darkneſs they walk on,
The earths foundations all are * mov'd,
And * out of order gon. * *Jimmotu.*
6 I ſaid that ye were Gods, yea all
The Sons of God moſt high,
7 But ye ſhall die like men, and fall
As other Princes *die.*
8 Riſe God, * judge thou the earth *in might,*
This *wicked* earth * redreſs, * *Shiphta.*
For thou art he who ſhalt by right
The Nations all poſſeſs.

PSAL. LXXXIII.

1 BE not thou ſilent *now at length,*
O God hold not thy peace,
Sit thou not ſtill O God of *ſtrength,*
We cry, and do not ceaſe.
2 For lo thy *furious* foes *now* * ſwell,
And * ſtorm outrageouſly, * *Jehemajun.*
And they that hate thee *proud and fell*
Exalt their heads full hie. † *Jagnarimu.*
3 Againſt thy People they † contrive
† Their plots and Counſels deep, † *Sod.*
* Them to inſnare they chiefly ſtrive,
* *Jitbjagnatsu gnal.*
* Whom thou doſt hide and keep.
4 Come let us cut them off, ſay they, * *Tſephuneca*
Till they no Nation be,
That Iſrael's name for ever may
Be loſt in memory.
5 For they conſult † with all their might,
And all as one in mind † *Levjachdan.*
Themſelves againſt thee they unite,
And in firm union bind.
6 The tents of Edom, and the brood
Of *ſcornful* Iſhmael,
Moab, with them of Hagars blood,
That in the Deſart dwell,

7 Gebal

7 Gebal and Ammon *there conſpire*,
And *hateful* Amalec,
The Philiſtians, and they of Tyre,
Whoſe bounds the Sea doth check.
8 With them *great* Aſhur alſo bands
And doth confirm the knot,
All theſe have lent their armed hands
To aid the Sons of Lot.
9 Do to them as to Midian *bold*,
That waſted all the coaſt,
To Siſera, and as *is told*
Thou didſt to Jabins *hoaſt*,
When at the brook of Kiſhon *old*
They were repulſt and ſlain,
10 At Endor quite cut off, and rowl'd
As dung upon the Plain.
11 As Zeb and Oreb evil ſped,
So let their Princes ſpeed,
As Zeba, and Zalmunna *bled*
So let their Princes *bleed.*
12 *For they amidſt their pride* have ſaid,
By right now ſhall we ſeize
Gods Houſes, and *will now invade*
† Their ſtately Palaces. † *Neoth Elohim bears*
13 My God, oh make them as a wheel, *both.*
No quiet let them find,
Giddy and *reſtleſs* let *them reel*
Like ſtubble from the wind.
14 As *when* an *aged* wood takes fire
Which on a ſudden ſtraies,
The *greedy* flame runs hier and hier
Till all the Mountains blaze,
15 So with thy whirl-wind them purſue,
And with thy tempeſt chaſe;
16 * And till they * yield thee honour due;
Lord fill with ſhame their face. * *They ſeek*
17 Aſham'd, and troubl'd let them be, *thy Name*
Troubl'd, and ſham'd for ever, Heb.
Ever confounded, and ſo die
With ſhame, *and ſcape it never.*
18 Then ſhall they know that thou whoſe name
Jehovah is alone,
Art the moſt high, *and thou the ſame*
O're all the earth *art one.*

PSAL. LXXXIV.

1 HOw lovely are thy dwellings fair!
O Lord of Hoaſts, how dear
The *pleaſant* Tabernacles are!
Where thou do'ſt dwell ſo near.
2 My Soul doth long and almoſt die
Thy Courts O Lord to ſee,
My heart and fleſh aloud do cry,
O living God, for thee.
3 There ev'n the Sparrow *freed from wrong*
Hath found a houſe of *reſt*,
The Swallow there, to lay her young
Hath built her *brooding* neſt,
Ev'n by thy Altars Lord of Hoſts
They find their ſafe abode,
And home they fly from round the Coaſts
Toward thee, My King, my God.
4 Happy, who in thy houſe reſide,
Where thee they ever praiſe,
5 Happy, whoſe ſtrength in thee doth bide,
And in their hearts thy ways.
6 They paſs through Baca's *thirſtie* Vale,
That dry and barren ground,
As through a fruitful watry Dale
Where Springs and Show'rs abound.
7 They journey on from ſtrength to ſtrength
With joy and gladſom cheer,
Till all before *our* God *at length*
In Sion do appear.
8 Lord God of Hoaſts hear *now* my prayer
O Jacob's God give ear,
9 Thou God our ſhield look on the face
Of thy anointed *dear.*
10 For one day in thy Courts *to be*
Is better, *and more bleſt*,
Than *in the joyes of Vanity*,
A thouſand days *at beſt.*
I in the Temple of my God
Had rather keep a door,
Than dwell in Tents, *and rich abode*,
With Sin *for evermore.*
11 For God the Lord both Sun and Shield
Gives grace and glory *bright*,
No good from them ſhall be with-held
Whoſe ways are juſt and right.
12 Lord *God* of Hoaſts *that raign'ſt on high*,
That man is *truly* bleſt,
Who *only* on thee doth relie,
And in thee only reſt.

PSAL. LXXXV.

1 THy Land to favour graciouſly
Thou haſt not Lord been ſlack,
Thou haſt from *hard* Captivity
Returned Jacob back.
2 Th' iniquity thou didſt forgive
That wrought thy People woe,
And all their Sin, *that did thee grieve*,
Haſt hid *where none ſhall know.*
3 Thine anger all thou hadſt remov'd,
And *calmly* didſt return
From thy † fierce wrath which we had prov'd,
Far worſe than fire to burn. † *Heb. The*
4 God of our ſaving health and peace, *burning*
Turn us, and us reſtore, *heat of*
Thine indignation cauſe to ceaſe *thy wrath.*
Toward us, *and chide no more.*
5 Wilt thou be angry without end,
For ever angry thus,
Wilt thou thy frowning ire extend
From Age to Age on us?

6 Wilt

6 Wilt thou not * turn, and *hear our voice,*
And us again * revive, * *Heb. Turn to*
That ſo the People may rejoyce *quicken us.*
By thee preſerv'd alive.
7 Cauſe us to ſee thy goodneſs, Lord,
To us thy mercy ſhew,
Thy ſaving health to us afford,
And life in us renew.
8 *And now* what God the Lord will ſpeak,
I will *go ſtrait and* hear,
For to his People he ſpeaks peace,
And to his Saints *full dear,*
To his dear Saints he will ſpeak peace,
But let them never more
Return to folly, *but forceaſe*
To treſpaſs as before.
9 Surely to ſuch as do him fear
Salvation is at hand,
And glory ſhall *e're long appear*
To dwell within our Land.
10 Mercy and Truth *that long were miſs'd*
Now *joyfully* are met,
Sweet Peace and Righteouſneſs have kiſs'd,
And hand in hand are ſet.
11 Truth from the Earth, *like to a Flow'r,*
Shall bud and bloſſom *then,*
And juſtice from her Heavenly bow'r
look down *on mortal men.*
12 The Lord will alſo then beſtow
Whatever thing is good,
Our Land ſhall forth in plenty throw
Her fruits *to be our food.*
13 Before him Righteouſneſs ſhall go
His Royal Harbinger,
Then * will he come, and not be ſlow
His footſteps cannot err.

*Heb. *He will ſet his ſteps to the way.*

PSAL. LXXXVI.

1 THy *gracious* ear, O Lord, encline,
O hear me *I thee pray,*
For I am poor, and almoſt pine
With need, *and ſad decay.*
2 Preſerve my Soul, for † I have trod † Heb. *I*
Thy wayes, and love the juſt, *am good, lo-*
Save thou thy Servant, O my God, *ving a doer*
Who *ſtill* in thee doth truſt. *of good and*
3 Pity me, Lord, for daily thee *holy things.*
I call; 4. O make rejoyce
Thy Servant's Soul; for Lord to thee
I lift my Soul *and voice,*
5 For thou art good, thou Lord art prone
To pardon, thou to all
Art full of mercy, thou *alone*
To them that on thee call.
6 Unto my ſupplication, Lord,
give ear, and to the cry
Of my *inceſſant* prayers afford
Thy hearing graciouſly.
7 I in the day of my diſtreſs
Will call on thee *for aid;*
For thou wilt *grant* me *free acceſs,*
And anſwer, *what I pray'd.*
8 Like thee among the Gods is none,
O Lord, nor any works
Of all that other Gods have done
Like to thy *glorious* works.
9 The Nations all whom thou haſt made
Shall come, *and all ſhall frame*
To bow them low before thee, Lord,
And glorifie thy name.
10 For great thou art, and wonders great
By thy ſtrong hand are done,
Thou *in thy everlaſting Seat*
Remaineſt God alone.
11 Teach me, O Lord, thy way *moſt right,*
I in thy truth will bide,
To fear thy name my heart unite,
So ſhall it never ſlide.
12 Thee will I praiſe, O Lord my God,
Thee honour and adore
With my whole heart, and blaze abroad
Thy name for evermore.
13 For great thy mercy is toward me,
And thou haſt free'd my Soul,
Eev'n from the loweſt Hell ſet free
From deepeſt darkneſs foul.
14 O God the proud againſt me riſe,
And violent men are met
To ſeek my life, and in their eyes
No fear of thee have ſet.
15 But thou, Lord, art the God moſt mild,
Readieſt thy grace to ſhew,
Slow to be angry, and *art ſtill'd*
Moſt merciful, moſt true.
16 O turn to me *thy face at length,*
And me have mercy on,
Unto thy ſervant give thy ſtrength,
And ſave thy hand-maids Son.
17 Some ſign of good to me afford,
And let my foes *then* ſee,
And be aſham'd, becauſe thou Lord
Do'ſt help and comfort me.

PSAL. LXXXVII.

1 AMong the holy Mountains *high*
Is his foundation faſt,
There Seated in his Sanctuary,
His Temple there is plac't.
2 Sions *fair* Gates the Lord loves more
Than all the dwellings *fair*
Of Jacob's *Land, though there be ſtore,*
And all within his care.
3 City of God, moſt glorious things
Of thee *abroad* are ſpoke;
4 I mention Egypt, *where proud Kings*
Did our forefathers yoke,
I mention Babel to my friends,
Philiſtia *full of ſcorn,*

And Tyre with Ethiops *utmost ends*,
Lo this man there was born :
5 But *twice that praise shall in our ear*
Be said of Sion *last*,
This and this man was born in her,
High God shall fix her fast.
6 The Lord shall write it in a Scrowle
That ne're shall be out-worn,
When he the Nations doth enrowle,
That this man there was born.
7 Both they who sing, and they who dance
With sacred Songs are there,
In thee *fresh brooks*, *and soft streams glance*,
And all my fountains *clear*.

PSAL. LXXXVIII.

1 LOrd God that dost me save and keep,
All day to thee I cry ;
And all night long, before thee *weep*,
Before thee *prostrate lie*.
2 Into thy presence let my prayer
With sighs devout ascend,
And to my cryes, that *ceaseless are*,
Thine ear with favour bend.
3 For cloy'd with woes and trouble store
Surcharg'd my Soul doth lie,
My life *at deaths unchearful door*
Unto the grave draws nigh.
4 Reck'n'd I am with them that pass
Down to the *dismal* pit,
I am a * man, but weak alas,
And for that name unfit.
* Heb. *A man without manly strength*,
5 From life discharg'd and parted quite
Among the dead to *sleep*,
And like the slain *in bloody fight*
That in the Grave lie *deep*.
Whom thou remembereſt no more,
Dost never more regard,
Them from thy hand deliver'd o're
Deaths hideous house hath barr'd.
6 Thou in the lowest Pit *profound*
Hast set me *all forlorn*,
Where thickest darkness *hovers round*,
In horrid deeps *to mourn*.
7 Thy wrath, *from which no shelter saves*,
Full sore doth press on me ;
* Thou break'st upon me all thy waves,
* And all thy waves break me.
* *The* Hebr. *bears both*.
8 Thou dost my friends from me estrange,
And mak'st me odious,
Me to them odious, *for they change*,
And I here pent up thus.
9 Through sorrow, and affliction great,
Mine eye grows dim and dead,
Lord, all the day I thee intreat,
My hands to thee I spread.
10 Wilt thou do wonders on the dead,
Shall the deceas'd arise
And praise thee *from their loathsom bed*
With pale and hollow eyes ?
11 Shall they thy loving kindness tell
On whom the Grave *hath hold*,
Or they who in perdition *dwell*
Thy faithfulness *unfold* ?
12 In darkness can thy mighty *hand*
Or wondrous acts be known,
Thy justice in the *gloomy* land
Of *dark* oblivion ?
13 But I to thee, O Lord, do cry,
E're yet my life be spent,
And *up to thee* my prayer *doth hie*
Each morn, and thee prevent.
14 Why wilt thou, Lord, my Soul forsake,
And hide thy face from me,
15 That am already bruis'd, and † shake
With terror sent from thee ? † Heb. *Pre Concussione*.
Bruis'd, and afflicted, and *so low*
As ready to expire,
While I thy terrors undergo
Astonish'd with thine ire.
16 Thy fierce wrath over me doth flow,
Thy threatnings cut me through,
17 All day they round about me go,
Like waves they me persue.
18 Lover and friend thou hast remov'd,
And sever'd from me far.
They *fly me now* whom I have lov'd,
And as in darkness are.

Joannis

Joannis Miltoni

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesimum Conscripsit.

Joannis Miltoni

LONDINENSIS

POEMATA.

Quorum pleraque intra Annum Ætatis Vigesimum Conscripsit.

HÆc quæ ſequuntur de Authore teſtimonia, tametſi ipſe intelligebat non tam de ſe quam ſupra ſe eſſe dicta, eo quodpræ claro ingenio viri, nec non amici ita fere ſolent laudare, ut omnia ſuis potius virtutibus, quam veritati congruentia nimis cupidè affingant, noluit tamen horum egregiam in ſe voluntatem non eſſe notam; Cum alii præſertim ut id faceret magnopere ſuaderent. Dum enim nimiæ laudis invidiam totis ab ſe viribus amolitur, ſibique quod plus æquo eſt non attributum eſſe mavult, judicium interim hominum cordatorum atque illuſtrium quin ſummo ſibi honori ducat, negare non poteſt.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus, Marchio Villenſis Neapolitanus, ad Joannem Miltonium Anglum.

UT mens, forma, decor, facies, mos, ſi pietas ſic,
Non Anglus, verùm hercle Angelus ipſe fores.

Ad Joannem Miltonem Anglum triplici poeſeos laurea coronandum, Græca nimirum, Latina, atque Hetruſca, Epigramma Joannis Salſilli Romani.

CEde Meles, cedat depreſſa Mincius urna;
Sebetus Taſſum deſinat uſque loqui;
At Thameſis victor cunctis ferat altior undas,
Nam per te, Milto, par tribus unus erit.

Ad Joannem Miltonum.

GRæcia Mæonidem, jactet ſibi Roma Maronem,
Anglia Miltonum jactat utrique parem.

Selvaggi.

Al Signior Gio. Miltoni Nobile Ingleſe.

ODE.

ERgimi all' Etra o Clio
Perche di ſtelle intrecciero corona
Non pieu del Biondo Dio
La Fronde eterna in Pindo, e in Elicona,
Dienſi a merto maggior, maggiori i fregi,
A' celeſte virtu celeſti pregi.

Non puo del tempo edace
Rimaner preda, eterno alto valore
Non puo l'oblio rapace
Furar dalle memorie eccelſo onore,
Su l'arco di mia cetra un dardo forte
Virtu m'addatti, e feriro la morte.

Del Ocean profondo
Cinta dagli ampi gorghi Anglia riſiede
Separata dal mondo,
Pero che il ſuo valor l'umano eccede:
Queſta feconda ſa produrre Eroi,
Ch' hanno a ragion del ſovruman tra noi.

Alla virtu sbandita
Danno ne i petti lor fido ricetto,
Quella gli e ſol gradita,
Perche in lei ſan trovar gioia, e diletto;
Ridillo tu, Giovanni, e moſtra in tanto
Con tua vera virtu, vero il mio Canto.

Lungi dal Patrio lido
Spinſe Zeuſi l'induſtre ardente brama;
Ch' udio d' Helena il grido
Con aurea tromba rimbombar la fama,
E per poterla effigiare al paro
Dalle piu belle Idee traſſe il priu raro.

Coſi l' Ape Ingegnoſa
Trae con induſtria il ſuo liquor pregiato
Dal giglio e dalla roſa,
E quanti vaghi fiori ornano il prato;
Formano un dolce ſuon diverſe Chorde,
Fan varie voci melodia concorde.

Di bella gloria amante
Milton dal Ciel natio per varie parti
Le peregrine piante
Volgeſti a ricercar ſcienze, ed arti;
Del Gallo regnator vedeſti i Regni,
E dell' Italia ancor gl' Eroi piu degni.

Fabro quaſi divino
Sol virtu rintracciando il tuo penſiero
Vide in ogni confino
Chi di nobil valor calca il ſentiero;
L' ottimo dal miglior dopo ſcegliea
Per fabbricar d'ogni virtu l'Idea.

Quanti nacquero in Flora
O in lei del parlar Toſco appreſer l'arte,
La cui memoria onora
Il mondo fatta eterna in dotte carte,

Voleſti ricercar per tuo teſoro,
E parlaſti con lor nell' opre loro.

Nell' altera Babelle
Per te il parlar confuſe Giove in vano,
Che per varie favelle
Di ſe ſteſſa trofeo cadde ſu'l piano:
Ch' Ode oltr' all' Angliа il ſuo più degno Idioma
Spagna, Francia, Toſcana, e Grecia e Roma.

I più profondi arcani
Ch' occulta la natura e in cielo e in terra
Ch' a Ingegni ſovrumani
Troppo avara tal' hor gli chiude, e ſerra,
Chiaramente conoſci, e giungi al fine
Della moral virtude al gran confine.

Non batta il Tempo l'ale,
Fermiſi immoto, e in un ſermin ſi gl' anni,
Che di virtu immortale
Scorron di troppo ingiuriоſi a i danni;
Che s'opre degne di Poema e ſtoria
Furon gia, l' hai preſenti alla memoria.

Dammi tua dolce Cetra
Se vuoi ch'io dica del tuo dolce canto,
Ch' inalzandoti all' Etra
Di farti huomo celeſte ottiene il vanto,
Il Tamigi il dira che gl' e conceſſo
Per te ſuo cigno pareggiar Permeſſo.

Io che in riva del Arno
Tento ſpiegar tuo merto alto, e preclaro
So che fatico indarno.
E ad ammirar, non a lodarlo imparo;
Freno dunque la lingua, e aſcolto il core
Che ti prende a lodar con lo ſtupore.

Del ſig. Antonio Francini gentilhuomo Florentino

JOANNI

JOANNI MILTONI
LONDINENSI.

Juveni Patria, virtutibus eximio.

VIro qui multa peregrinatione, ſtudio cuncta orbis terrarum loca perſpexit, ut novus Ulyſſes omnia ubique ab omnibus apprehenderet.

Polyglotto, in cujus ore linguæ jam deperditæ ſic reviviſcunt, ut idiomata omnia ſint in ejus laudibus infacunda; Et jure ea percallet, ut admirationes & plauſus populorum ab propria ſapientia excitatos, intelligat.

Illi, cujus animi dotes corporiſque, ſenſus ad admirationem commovent, & per ipſam motum cuique auferunt; cujus opera ad plauſus hortantur, ſed venuſtate vocem laudatoribus adimunt.

Cui in Memoria totus Orbis: In Intellectu Sapientia: In voluntate ardor gloriæ: In ore Eloquentia: Harmonicos cæleſtium Sphærarum ſonitus Aſtronomia Duce audienti; Characteres mirabilium naturæ per quos Dei magnitudo deſcribitur magiſtra Philoſophia legenti; Antiquitatum latebras, vetuſtatis excidia, eruditionis ambages comite aſſidua autorum Lectione.

Exquirenti, reſtauranti, percurrenti.
At cur nitor in arduum?

Illi in cujus virtutibus evulgandis ora Famæ non ſufficiant, nec hominum ſuper in laudandis ſatis eſt. Reverentiæ & amoris ergo hoc ejus meritis debitum admirationis tributum offert Carolus Datus Patricius Florentinus.

Tanto homini ſervus, tantæ virtutis amator.

Elegiarum

ELEGIARUM

Liber Primus.

Elegia prima ad *Carolum Diodatum.*

TAndem, chare, tuæ mihi pervenere tabellæ,
Pertulit & voces nuncia charta tuas;
Pertulit occiduâ Devæ Ceſtrenſis ab orâ
Vergivium prono quà petit amne ſalum.
Multùm crede juvat terras aluiſſe remotas
Pectus amans noſtri, tamque fidele caput,
Quòdque mihi lepidum tellus longinqua ſodalem
Debet, at unde brevi reddere juſſa velit.
Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thameſis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura reviſere Camum,
Nec dudum vetiti me laris angit amor.
Nuda nec arva placent, umbraſque negantia molles,
Quàm male Phœbicolis convenit ille locus!
Nec duri libet uſque minas perferre magiſtri
Cæteraque ingenio non ſubeunda meo.
Si ſit hoc exilium patrios adiiſſe penates
Et vacuum curis otia grata ſequi,
Non ego vel profugi nomen, ſortemve recuſo,
Lætus & exilii conditione fruor.
O utinam vates nunquam graviora tuliſſet
Ille Tomitano fiebilis exul agro;
Non tunc Ionio quicquam ceſſiſſet Homero
Neve foret victo laus tibi prima Maro.
Tempora nam licet hic placidis dare libera Muſis,
Et totum rapiunt me mea vita libri.
Excipit hinc feſſum ſinuoſi pompa theatri,
Et vocat ad plauſus garrula ſcena ſuos.
Seu catus auditur ſenior, ſeu prodigus hæres,
Seu procus, aut poſitâ caſſide miles adeſt,
Sive decennali fœcundus lite patronus
Detonat inculto barbara verba foro,
Sæpe vafer gnato ſuccurrit ſervus amanti,
Et naſum rigidi fallit ubique patris;
Sæpe novos illic virgo mirata calores
Quid ſit amor neſcit, dum quoque neſcit, amat.
Sive cruentatum furioſa Tragœdia ſceptrum
Quaſſat, & effuſis crinibus ora rotat,
Et dolet, & ſpecto, juvat & ſpectaſſe dolendo,
Interdum & lacrymis dulcis amaror ineſt:
Seu puer infelix indelibata reliquit
Gaudia, & abrupto flendus amore cadit,
Seu ferus è tenebris iterat Styga criminis ultor
Conſcia funereo pectora torre movens,
Seu mœret Pelopeia domus, ſeu nobilis Ili,
Aut luit inceſtos aula Creontis avos.
Sed neque ſub tecto ſemper nec in urbe latemus,
Irrita nec nobis tempora veris eunt:
Nos quoque lucus habet vicinâ conſitus ulmo,
Atque ſuburbani nobilis umbra loci.
Sæpius hic blandas ſpirantia ſydera flammas
Virgineos videas præteriiſſe choros.
Ah quoties dignæ ſtupui miracula formæ
Quæ poſſit ſenium vel reparare Jovis!
Ah quoties vidi ſuperantia lumina gemmas,
Atque faces quotquot volvit uterque polus!
Collaque bis vivi Pelopis quæ brachia vincant,
Quæque fluit puro nectare tincta via,
Et decus eximium frontis, tremuloſque capillos,
Aurea quæ fallax retia tendit Amor.
Pellaceſque genas, ad quas hyacinthina ſordet
Purpura, & ipſe tui floris, Adoni, rubor.
Cedite laudatæ toties Heroides olim,
Et quæcunque vagum cepit amica Jovem.
Cedite Achæmeniæ turritâ fronte puellæ,
Et quot Suſa colunt, Memnoniamque Ninon.
Vos etiam Danaæ faſces ſubmittite Nymphæ,
Et vos Iliacæ, Romuleæque nurus.
Nec Pompeianas Tarpëia Muſa columnas
Jactet, & Auſoniis plena theatra ſtolis.
Gloria Virginibus debetur prima Britannis,
Extera ſat tibi ſit fœmina poſſe ſequi.
Tuque urbs Dardaniis Londinum ſtructa colonis
Turrigerum latè conſpicienda caput,
Tu nimium felix intra tua mœnia claudis
Quicquid formoſi pendulus orbis habet.
Non tibi tot cœlo ſcintillant aſtra ſereno
Endymioneæ turba miniſtra deæ,

Quo

Quot tibi conſpicuæ formáque auróque puellæ
Per medias radiant turba videnda vias,
Creditur huc geminis veniſſe invecta columbis
Alma pharetrigero milite cincta Venus:
Huic Cnidon, & riguas Simoentis flumine valles,
Huic Paphon, & roſcam poſt habitura Cypron.
At ego, dum pueri ſinit indulgentia cæci,
Mœnia quàm ſubitò linquere fauſta paro;
Et vitare pocul malefidæ infamia Circes
Atria, divini Molyos uſus ope.
Stat quoque juncoſas Cami remeare paludes,
Atque iterum raucæ murmur adire Scholæ.
Interea fidi parvum cape munus amici,
Paucaque in alternos verba coacta modos.

Elegia ſecunda, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præconis Academici Cantabrigienſis.

TE, qui conſpicuus baculo fulgente ſolebas
Palladium toties ore ciere gregem,
Ultima præconum præconem te quoque ſæva
Mors rapit, officio nec favet ipſa ſuo.
Candidiora licet fuerint tibi tempora plumis
Sub quibus accipimus delituiſſe Jovem,
Dignus tamen Hæmonio juveneſcere ſucco,
Dignus in Æſonios vivere poſſe dies,
Dignus quem Stygiis medicâ revocaret ab undis
Arte Coronides, ſæpe rogante dea.
Tu ſi juſſus eras acies accire togatas,
Et celer à Phœbo nuntius ire tuo,
Talis in Iliacâ ſtabat Cyllenius aula
Alipes, æthereâ miſſus ab arce Patris.
Talis & Eurybates ante ora furentis Achillei
Rettulit Atridæ juſſa ſevera ducis.
Magna ſepulchrorum regina, ſatelles Averni
Sæva nimis Muſis, Palladi ſæva nimis,
Quin illos rapias qui pondus inutile terræ,
Turba quidem eſt telis iſta petenda tuis.
Veſtibus hunc igitur pullis Academia luge,
Et madeant lachrymis nigra feretra tuis.
Fundat & ipſa modos querebunda Elegëia triſtes,
Perſonet & totis nænia mœſta ſcholis.

Elegia tertia, Anno Ætatis 17.

In obitum Præſulis Wintonienſis.

MOeſtus eram, & tacitus nullo comitante ſedebam,
Hærebantque animo triſtia plura meo,
Protinus en ſubiit funeſtæ cladis Imago
Fecit in Angliaco quam Libitina ſolo;
Dum procerum ingreſſa eſt ſplendentes marmore turres
Dira ſepulchrali mors metuenda face;
Pulſavitque auro gravidos & jaſpide muros,
Nec metuit ſatrapum ſternere falce greges.
Tunc memini clarique ducis, fratriſque verendi
Intempeſtivis oſſa cremata rogis.
Et memini Heroum quos vidit ad æthera raptos,
Flevit & amiſſos Belgia tota duces.
At te præcipuè luxi digniſſime Præſul,
Wintoniæque olim gloria magna tuæ;
Delicui fletu, & triſti ſic ore querebar,
Mors fera Tartareo diva ſecunda Jovi,
Nonne ſatis quod ſylva tuas perſentiat iras,
Et quod in herboſos jus tibi detur agros,
Quodque afflata tuo marceſcant lilia tabo,
Et crocus, & pulchræ Cypridi ſacra roſa,
Nec ſinis ut ſemper fluvio contermina quercus
Miretur lapſus prætereuntis aquæ?
Et tibi ſuccumbit liquido quæ plurima cœlo
Evehitur pennis quamlibet augur avis,
Et quæ mille nigris errant animalia ſylvis,
Et quod alunt mutum Proteos antra pecus.
Invida, tanta tibi cum ſit conceſſa poteſtas;
Quid juvat humanâ tingere cæde manus?
Nobileque in pectus certas acuiſſe ſagittas,
Semideamque animam ſede fugâſſe ſuâ?
Talia dum lacrymans alto ſub pectore volvo,
Roſcidus occiduis Heſperus exit aquis,
Et Tarteſſiaco ſubmerſerat æquore currum
Phœbus, ab eôo littore menſus iter.
Nec mora, membra cavo poſui refovenda cubili,
Condiderant oculos noxque ſoporque meos.
Cum mihi viſus eram lato ſpatiarier agro,
Heu nequit ingenium viſa referre meum.
Illic puniceâ radiabant omnia luce,
Ut matutino cum juga ſole rubent.
Ac veluti cum pandit opes Thaumantia proles,
Veſtitu nituit multicolore ſolum.
Non dea tam variis ornavit floribus hortos
Alcinoi, Zephiro Chloris amata levi.
Flumina vernantes lambunt argentea Campos,
Ditior Heſperio flavet arena Tago.
Serpit odoriferas per opes levis aura Favoni,
Aura ſub innumeris humida nata roſis.
Talis in extremis terræ Gangetidis oris
Luciferi regis fingitur eſſe domus.
Ipſe racemiferis dum denſas vitibus umbras
Et pellucentes miror ubique locos,
Ecce mihi ſubito Præſul Wintonius aſtat,
Sydereum nitido fulſit in ore Jubar;
Veſtis ad auratos defluxit candida talos,
Infula divinum cinxerat alba caput.
Dumque ſenex tali incedit venerandus amictu,
Intremuit læto florea terra ſono.
Agmina gemmatis plaudunt cœleſtia pennis,
Pura triumphali perſonat æthra tubâ.
Quiſque novum amplexu comitem cantuque ſalutat,
Hoſque aliquis placido miſit ab ore ſonos;

Nate veni, & patrii felix cape gaudia regni,
Semper ab hinc duro, nate, labore vaca.
Dixit, & aligeræ tetigerunt nablia turmæ,
At mihi cum tenebris aurea pulsa quies.
Flebam turbatos Cephaleiâ pellice somnos,
Talia contingant somnia læpe mihi.

Elegia quarta. Anno Ætatis 18.

Ad Thomam Junium Præceptorem suum, apud Mercatores Anglicos Hamburgæ agentes, Pastoris munere fungentem.

CUrre per immensum subitò mea littera pontum,
I, pete Teutonicos læve per æquor agros:
Segnes rumpe moras, & nil, precor, obstet eunti,
Et festinantis nil remoretur iter.
Ipse ego Sicanio frænantem carcere ventos
Æolon, & virides sollicitabo Deos;
Cæruleamque suis comitatam Dorida Nymphis,
Ut tibi dent placidam per sua regna viam.
At tu, si poteris, celeres tibi sume jugales,
Vecta quibus Colchis fugit ab ore Viri.
Aut queis Triptolemus Scythicas devenit in oras
Gratus Eleusinâ missus ab urbe puer.
Atque ubi germanas flavere videbis arenas
Ditis ad Hamburgæ mœnia flecte gradum,
Dicitur occiso quæ ducere nomen ab Hamâ,
Cimbrica quem fertur clava dedisse neci.
Vivit ibi antiquæ clarus pietatis honore
Præsul Christicolas pascere doctus oves;
Ille quidem est animæ pluspuam pars altera nostræ,
Dimidio vitæ vivere cogor ego.
Hei mihi quot pelagi, quot montes interjecti
Me faciunt aliâ parte carere mei!
Charior ille mihi quam tu doctissime Graium
Cliniadi, pronepos qui Telamonis erat.
Quàmque Stagirites generoso magnus alumno,
Quem peperit Lybico Chaonis alma Jovi.
Qualis Amyntorides, qualis Philyrëius Heros
Myrmidonum regi, talis & ille mihi.
Primus ego Aonios illo præeunte recessus
Lustrabam, & bifidi sacra vireta jugi,
Pierioscque hausi latices, Clioque favente,
Castalio sparsi læta ter ora mero.
Flammeus at signum ter vidit arietis Æthon,
Induxitque auro lanea terga novo,
Biscque novo terram sparsisti Chlori senilem,
Gramine, biscque tuas abstulit Auster opes:
Necdum ejus licuit mihi lumina pascere vultu,
Aut linguæ dulces aure bibisse sonos.
Vade igitur, cursuque Eurum præverte sonorum,
Quàm sit opus monitis res docet, ipsa vides.
Invenies dulci cum conjuge forte sedentem,
Mulcentem gremio pignora chara suo,
Forsitan aut veterum prælarga volumina patrum
Versantem, aut veri biblia sacra Dei.
Cælestive animas saturantem rore tenellas,
Grande salutiferæ religionis opus.
Utque solet, multam, sit dicere cura salutem,
Dicere quam decuit, si modo adesset, herum.
Hæc quoque paulum oculos in humum defixa modestos,
Verba verecundo sis memor ore loqui:
Hæc tibi, si teneris vacat inter prælia Musis
Mittit ab Angliaco littore fida manus.
Accipe sinceram, quamvis sit sera, salutem;
Fiat & hoc ipso gratior illa tibi.
Sera quidem, sed vera fuit, quam casta recepit
Icaris à lento Penelopeia viro.
Ast ego quid volui manifestum tollere crimen,
Ipse quod ex omni parte levare nequit.
Arguitur tardus meritò, noxamque fatetur,
Et pudet officium deseruisse suum.
Tu modò da veniam fasso, veniamque roganti,
Crimina diminui, quæ patuere, solent.
Non ferus in pavidos rictus diducit hiantes,
Vulnifico pronos nec rapit ungue Leo.
Sæpe sarissiferi crudelia pectora Thracis
Supplicis ad mœstas delicuere preces.
Extensæque manus avertunt fulminis ictus,
Placat & iratos hostia parva Deos.
Jamque diu scripsisse tibi fuit impetus illi,
Neve moras ultra ducere passus Amor.
Nam vaga Fama refert, heu nuntia vera malorum!
In tibi finitimis bella tumere locis,
Teque tuamque urbem truculento milite cingi,
Et jam Saxonicos arma parasse duces.
Te circum latè campos populatur Enyo,
Et fata carne virum jam cruor arva rigat.
Germanisque suum concessit Thracia Martem,
Illuc Odrysios Mars pater egit equos.
Perpetuóque comans jam defloresçit oliva,
Fugit & æriſonam Diva perosa tubam,
Fugit Io terris, & jam non ultima virgo
Creditur ad superas justa volasse domos.
Te tamen intereà belli circumsonat horror,
Vivis & ignoto solus inopsque solo;
Et, tibi quam patrii non exhibuere penates
Sede peregrinâ quæris egenus opem.
Patria dura parens, & saxis sævior albis
Spumea quæ pulsat littoris unda tui:
Siccine te decet innocuos exponere fœtus;
Siccine in externam ferrea cogis humum?
Et finis ut terris quærant alimenta remotis
Quos tibi prospiciens miserat ipse Deus,
Et qui læta ferunt de cœlo nuntia, quique
Quæ via post cineres ducat ad astra, docent?
Digna quidem Stygiis que vivas clausa tenebris,
Æternâque animæ digna perire fame!
Haud aliter vates terræ Thesbitidis olim
Pressit inassueto devia tesqua pede,
Desertasque Arabum salebras, dum regis Achabi
Effugit atque tuas, Sidoni dira, manus.

Talis

Talis & horriſono laceratus membra flagello,
Paulus ab Æmathiâ pellitur urbe Cilix.
Piſcoſæque ipſum Gergeſſæ civis Jeſum
Finibus ingratus juſſit abire ſuis.
At tu ſume animos, nec ſpes cadat anxia curis,
Nec tua concutiat decolor oſſa metus.
Sis etenim quàmvis fulgentibus obſitus armis,
Intententque tibi millia tela necem,
At nullis vel inerme latus violabitur armis,
Deque tuo cuſpis nulla cruore bibet.
Namque eris ipſe Dei radiante ſub ægide tutus,
Ille tibi cuſtos, & pugil ille tibi;
Ille Sionææ qui tot ſub mœnibus arcis
Aſſyrios fudit nocte ſilente viros;
Isque fugam vertit quos in Samaritidas oras
Miſit ab antiquis priſca Damaſcus agris,
Terruit & denſas pavido cum rege cohortes,
Aere dum vacuo buccina clara ſonat,
Cornea Pulvereum dum verberat ungula campum,
Currus arenoſam dum quatit actus humum,
Auditurque hinnitus equorum ad bella ruentûm,
Et ſtrepitus ferri, murmuraque alta virûm.
Et tu (quod ſupereſt miſeri) ſperare memento,
Et tua magnanimo pectore vince mala.
Nec dubites quandoque frui melioribus annis,
Atque iterum patrios poſſe videre lares.

Elegia quinta, Anno Ætatis 20.

In adventum Veris.

IN ſe perpetuo Tempus revolubile gyro
Jam revocat Zephyros Vere tepente novos.
Induiturque brevem Tellus reparata juventam,
Jamque ſoluta gelu dulce vireſcit humus.
Fallor? an & nobis redeunt in carmina vires,
Ingeniumque mihi munere Veris adeſt?
Munere Veris adeſt, iterumque vigeſcit ab illo
(Quis putet) atque aliquod jam ſibi poſcit opus.
Caſtalis ante oculos, bifidumque cacumen oberrat,
Et mihi Pyrenen ſomnia nocte ferunt.
Concitaque arcano fervent mihi pectora motu,
Et furor, & ſonitus me ſacer intùs agit.
Delius ipſe venit, video Penëide lauro
Implicitos crines, Delius ipſe venit.
Jam mihi mens liquidi raptatur in ardua cœli,
Perque vagas nubes corpore liber eo.
Perque umbras, perque antra feror penetralia vatum,
Et mihi fana patent interiora Deûm.
Intuiturque animus toto quid agatur Olympo,
Nec fugiunt oculos Tartara cæca meos.
Quid tam grande ſonat diſtento ſpiritus ore?
Quid parit hæc rabies, quid ſacer iſte furor?
Ver mihi, quod dedit ingenium, cantabitur illo;
Profuerint iſto reddita dona modo.
Jam Philomela tuos foliis adoperta novellis
Inſtituis modulos, dum ſilet omne nemus!
Urbe ego, tu ſylvâ ſimul incipiamus utrique,
Et ſimul adventum Veris uterque canat.
Veris Io rediere vices, celebremus honores
Veris, & hoc ſubeat Muſa perennis opus.
Jam ſol Æthiopas fugiens Tithoniaque arva,
Flectit ad arctôas aurea lora plagas.
Eſt breve noctis iter, brevis eſt mora noctis opacæ
Horrida cum tenebris exulat illa ſuis.
Jamque Lycaonius plauſtrum cœleſte Bootes
Non longâ ſequitur feſſus ut ante viâ,
Nunc etiam ſolitas circum Jovis atria toto
Excubias agitant ſydera rara polo.
Nam dolus, & cædes, & vis cum nocte receſſit,
Neve Giganteum Dii timuere ſcelus.
Forte aliquis ſcopuli recubans in vertice paſtor,
Roſcida cum primo ſole rubeſcit humus,
Hac, ait, hac certè caruiſti nocte puellâ
Phœbe tuâ, celeres quæ retineret equos.
Læta ſuas repetit ſylvas, pharetramque reſumit
Cynthia, Luciferas ut vidit alta rotas,
Et tenues ponens radios gaudere videtur
Officium fieri tam breve fratris ope.
Deſere, Phœbus ait, thalamos Aurora ſeniles,
Quid juvat effœto procubuiſſe toro?
Te manet Æolides viridi venator in herba,
Surge, tuos ignes altus Hymettus habet.
Flava verecundo dea crimen in ore fatetur,
Et matutinos ocyus urget equos.
Exuit inviſam Tellus rediviva ſenectam,
Et cupit amplexus Phœbe ſubire tuos;
Et cupit, & digna eſt, quid enim formoſius illâ?
Pandit ut omniferos luxurioſa ſinus,
Atque Arabum ſpirat meſſes, & ab ore venuſto
Mitia cum Paphiis fundit amoma roſis.
Ecce coronatur ſacro frons ardua luco,
Cingit ut Idæam pinea turris Opim;
Et vario madidos intexit flore capillos
Floribus & viſa eſt poſſe placere ſuis.
Floribus effuſos ut erat redimita capillos,
Tenario placuit diva Sicana Deo.
Aſpice Phœbe tibi faciles hortantur amores,
Mellitaſque movent flamina verna preces.
Cinnameâ Zephyrus leve plaudit odorifer alâ,
Blanditiaſque tibi ferre videntur aves.
Nec ſine dote tuos temeraria quærit amores
Terra, nec optatos poſcit egena toros,
Alma ſalutiferum medicos tibi gramen in uſus
Præbet, & hinc ticulos adjuvat ipſa tuos.
Quòd ſi te pretium, ſi te fulgentia tangunt
Munera, (muneribus ſæpe coemptus Amor)
Illa tibi oſtentat quaſcunque ſub æquore vaſto,
Et ſuperinjectis montibus abdit opes.
Ah quoties cum tu clivoſo feſſus Olympo
In veſpertinas præcipitaris aquas,
Cur te, inquit, curſu languentem Phœbe diurno
Heſperiis recipit Cærula mater aquis?
Quid tibi cum Tethy? Quid cum Tarteſſide lymphâ,
Dia quid immundo perluis ora ſolo?

Frigora

Frigora Phœbe meâ melius captabis in umbrâ,
Huc ades, ardentes imbue rore comas.
Mollior egelidâ veniet tibi ſomnus in herbâ,
Huc ades, & gremio lumina pone meo.
Quâque jaces circum mulcebit lene ſuſurrans.
Aura per humentes corpora fuſa roſas.
Nec me (crede mihi) terrent Semelëia fata,
Nec Phaetonteo fumidus axis equo;
Cum tu Phœbe tuo ſapientius uteris igni,
Huc ades & gremio lumina pone meo.
Sic Tellus laſciva ſuos ſuſpirat amores;
Matris in exemplum cætera turba ruunt.
Nunc etenim toto currit vagus orbe Cupido,
Languenteſque fovet ſolis ab igne faces.
Inſonuere novis lethalia cornua nervis,
Triſte micant ferro tela coruſca novo.
Jamque vel invictam tentat ſuperaſſe Dianam,
Quæque ſedet ſacro Veſta pudica foco.
Ipſa ſeneſcentem reparat Venus annua formam,
Atque iterum tepido creditur orta mari.
Marmoreas juvenes clamant Hymenæe per urbes,
Litus io Hymen, & cava ſaxa ſonant.
Cultior ille venit tunicâque decentior aptâ,
Puniceum redolet veſtis odora crocum.
Egrediturque frequens ad amœni gaudia veris
Virgineos auro cincta puella ſinus.
Votum eſt cuique ſuum, votum eſt tamen omnibus unum,
Ut ſibi quem cupiat, det Cytherea virum.
Nunc quoq; ſeptenâ modulatur arundine paſtor,
Et ſua quæ jungat carmina Phyllis habet.
Natvia nocturno placat ſua ſydera cantu,
Delphinaſque leves ad vada ſumma vocat.
Jupiter ipſe alto cum conjuge ludit Olympo,
Convocat & famulos ad ſua feſta Deos.
Nunc etiam Satyri cum ſera crepuſcula ſurgunt,
Pervolitant celeri florea rura choro,
Sylvanuſque ſuâ Cypariſſi fronde revinctus,
Semicaperque deus, ſemideuſque caper.
Quæque ſub arboribus Dryades latuere vetuſtis
Per juga, per ſolos expatiantur agros.
Per ſata luxuriat fruticetaque Mænalius Pan,
Vix Cybele mater, vix ſibi tuta Ceres,
Atque aliquam cupidus prædatur Oreada Faunus,
Conſulit in trepidos dum ſibi Nympha pedes,
Jamque latet, latitanſque cupit male tecta videri,
Et fugit, & fugiens pervelit ipſa capi.
Dii quoque non dubitant cœlo præponere ſylvas,
Et ſua quiſque ſibi numina lucus habet.
Et ſua quiſque diu ſibi numina lucus habeto,
Nec vos arborea dii precor ite domo.
Te referant miſeris, te Jupiter aurea terris
Sæcla, quid ad nimbos aſpera tela redis?
Tu ſaltem lentè rapidos age Phœbe jugales
Quà potes, & ſenſim tempora veris eant.
Brumaque productas tardè ferat hiſpida noctes,
Ingruat & noſtro ſerior umbra polo.

Elegia ſexta.

Ad Carolum Diodatum ruri commorantem.

Qui cum Idibus Decemb. ſcripſiſſet, & ſua carmina excuſari poſtulaſſet ſi ſolito minus eſſent bona, quod inter lautitias quibus erat ab amiſis exceptus, haud ſatis felicem operam Muſis dare ſe poſſe affirmabat, hunc habuit reſponſum.

MItto tibi ſanam non pleno ventre ſalutem,
Qua tu diſtento fortè carere potes.
At tua quid noſtram prolectat Muſa camœnam,
Nec ſinit optatas poſſe ſequi tenebras?
Carmine ſcire velis quàm te redamemque colamque,
Crede mihi vix hoc carmine ſcire queas.
Nam neque noſter amor modulis includitur arctis,
Nec venit ad claudos integer ipſe pedes.
Quàm bene ſolennes epulas, hilaremque Decembrim
Feſtaque cœlifugam quæ coluere Deum,
Deliciaſque refers, hyberni gaudia ruris,
Hauſtaque per lepidos Gallica muſta focos.
Quid queritis refugam vino dapibuſque poeſin?
Carmen amat Bacchum, Carmina Bacchus amat.
Nec puduit Phœbum virides geſtaſſe corymbos,
Atque hederam lauro præpoſuiſſe ſuæ.
Sæpius Aoniis clamavit collibus Euœ
Miſta Thyoneo turba novena choro.
Naſo Corallæis mala carmina miſit ab agris:
Non illic epulæ non ſata vitis erat.
Quid niſi vina, roſaſque racemiferumque Lyæum
Cantavit brevibus Tëia Muſa modis,
Pindaricoſque inflat numeros Teumeſius Evan,
Et redolet ſumptum pagina quæque merum?
Dum gravis everſo currus crepat axe ſupinus,
Et volat Eleo pulvere fuſcus eques.
Quadrimoque madens Lyricen Romanus Iaccho
Dulce canit Glyceran, flavicomamque Chloen.
Jam quoque lauta tibi generoſo menſa paratu,
Mentis alit vires, ingeniumque fovet.
Maſſica fœcundam deſpumant pocula venam,
Fundis & ex ipſo condita metra cado.
Addimus his artes, fuſumque per intima Phœbum
Corda, favent uni Bacchus, Apollo, Ceres.
Scilicet haud mirum tam dulcia carmina per te
Numine compoſito tres peperiſſe Deos.
Nunc quoque Threſſa tibi cælato barbitos auro
Inſonat argutâ molliter icta manu;
Auditurque chelys ſuſpenſa tapetia circum,
Virgineos tremulâ quæ regat arte pedes.

Illa

Illa tuas ſaltem teneant ſpectacula Muſas,
Et revocent, quantum crapula pellit iners.
Crede mihi dum pſallit ebur, comitataque plectrum
Implet odoratos feſta chorea tholos,
Percipies tacitum per pectora ſerpere Phœbum,
Quale repentinus permeat oſſa calor,
Perque puellares oculos digitumque ſonantem
Irruet in totos lapſa Thalia ſinus.
Namque Elegía levis multorum cura deorum eſt,
Et vocat ad numeros quemlibet illa ſuos;
Liber adeſt elegis, Eratoque, Cereſque, Venuſque,
Et cum purpureâ matre tenellus Amor.
Talibus inde licent convivia larga poetis,
Sæpius & veteri commaduiſſe mero.
At qui bella refert, & adulto ſub Jove cœlum,
Heroaſque pios, ſemideoſque duces,
Et nunc ſancta canit ſuperum conſulta deorum,
Nunc latrata fero regna profunda cane,
Ille quidem parcè Samii pro more magiſtri
Vivat, & innocuos præbeat herba cibos;
Stet prope fagineo pellucida lympha catillo,
Sobriaque è puro pocula fonte bibat.
Additur huic ſceleriſque vacans, & caſta juventus,
Et rigidi mores, & ſine labe manus.
Qualis veſte nitens ſacrâ & luſtralibus undis
Surgis ad infenſos augur iture Deos.
Hoc ritu vixiſſe ferunt poſt rapta ſagacem
Lumina Tireſian, Ogygiumque Linon,
Et lare devoto profugum Calchanta, ſenemque
Orpheon edomitis ſola per antra feris;
Sic dapis exiguus, ſic rivi potor Homerus
Dulichium vexit per freta longa virum,
Et per Monſtrificam Perſeiæ Phœbados aulam,
Et vada fœmineis inſidioſa ſonis,
Perque tuas rex ime domos, ubi ſanguine nigro
Dicitur umbrarum detinuiſſe greges.
Diis etenim ſacer eſt vates, divûmque ſacerdos,
Spirat & occultum pectus, & ora Jovem.
At tu ſiquid agam, ſcitabere (ſi modò ſaltem
Eſſe putas tanti noſcere ſiquid agam)
Paciferum canimus cœleſti ſemine regem,
Fauſtaque ſacratis ſæcula pacta libris,
Vagitumque Dei, & ſtabulantem paupere tecto
Qui ſuprema ſuo cum patre regna colit.
Stelliparumque polum, modulanteſque æthere turmas,
Et ſubitò eliſos ad ſua fana Deos.
Dona quidem dedimus Chriſti natalibus illa
Illa ſub auroram lux mihi prima tulit.
Te quoque preſſa manent patriis meditata cicutis,
Tu mihi, cui recitem, judicis inſtar eris.

Elegia ſeptima, Anno Ætatis undevigeſimo.

NOndum blanda tuas leges Amathuſia nôram,
Et Paphio vacuum pectus ab igne fuit.
Sæpe cupidineas, puerilia tela, ſagittas,
Atque tuum ſprevi maxime, numen, Amor.
Tu puer imbelles dixi transfige columbas,
Conveniunt tenero mollia bella duci.
Aut de paſſeribus tumidos age, parve, triumphos,
Hæc ſunt militiæ digna trophæa tuæ:
In genus humanum quid inania dirigis arma?
Non valet in fortes iſta pharetra viros.
Non tulit hoc Cyprius, (neque enim Deus ullus ad iras
Promptior) & duplici jam ſerus igne calet.
Ver erat, & ſummæ radians per culmina villæ
Attulerat primam lux tibi Maie diem:
At mihi adhuc refugam quærebant lumina noctem
Nec matutinum ſuſtinuere jubar.
Aſtat Amor lecto, pictis Amor impiger alis,
Prodidit aſtantem mota pharetra Deum:
Prodidit & facies, & dulce minantis ocelli,
Et quicquid puero, dignum & Amore fuit.
Talis in æterno juvenis Sigeius Olympo
Miſcet amatori pocula plena Jovi;
Aut qui formoſas pellexit ad oſcula Nymphas
Thiodamantæus Naiade raptus Hylas;
Addideratque iras, ſed & has decuiſſe putares,
Addideratque truces, nec ſine felle minas.
Et miſer exemplo ſapuiſſes tutiùs, inquit,
Nunc mea quid poſſit dextera teſtis eris.
Inter & expertos vires numerabere noſtras,
Et faciam vero per tua damna fidem.
Ipſe ego ſi neſcis ſtrato Pythone ſuperbum
Edomui Phœbum, ceſſit & ille mihi;
Et quoties meminet Peneidos, ipſe fatetur
Certiùs & graviùs tela nocere mea.
Me nequit adductum curvare peritiùs arcum,
Qui poſt terga ſolet vincere Parthus eques.
Cydoniuſque mihi cedit venator, & ille
Inſcius uxori qui necis author erat.
Eſt etiam nobis ingens quoque victus Orion,
Herculeæque manus, Herculeuſque comes.
Jupiter ipſe licet ſua fulmina torqueat in me,
Hærebunt lateri ſpicula noſtra Jovis.
Cætera quæ dubitas meliùs mea tela docebunt,
Et tua non leviter corda petenda mihi.
Nec te ſtulte tuæ poterunt defendere Muſæ,
Nec tibi Phœbæus porriget anguis opem.
Dixit, & aurato quatiens mucrone ſagittam,
Evolat in tepidos Cypridos ille ſinus.
At mihi riſuro tonuit ferus ore minaci,
Et mihi de puero non metus ullus erat,
Et modò quà noſtri ſpatiantur in urbe Quirites
Et modò villarum proxima rura placent.

Turba frequens, faciéque ſimillima turba dearum
Splendida per medias itque reditque vias.
Auctaque luce dies gemino fulgore coruſcat,
Fallor? an & radios hinc quoque Phœbus habet.
Hæc ego non fugi ſpectacula grata ſeverus,
Impetus & quò me fert juvenilis, agor.
Lumina luminibus malè providus obvia miſi,
Neve oculos potui continuiſſe meos.
Unam forte aliis ſupereminuiſſe notabam,
Principium noſtri lux erat illa mali.
Sic Venus optaret mortalibus ipſa videri,
Sic regina Deûm conſpicienda fuit.
Hanc memor objecit nobis malus ille Cupido,
Solus & hos nobis texuit antè dolos.
Nec procul ipſe vafer latuit, multæque ſagittæ,
Et facis à tergo grande pependit onus.
Nec mora, nunc ciliis hæſit, nunc virginis ori,
Inſilit hinc labiis, inſidet inde genis:
Et quaſcunque agilis partes jaculator oberrat,
Hei mihi, mille locis pectus inerme ferit.
Protinus inſoliti ſubierunt corda furores,
Uror amans intùs, flammaque totus eram.
Interea miſero quæ jam mihi ſola placebat,
Ablata eſt oculis non reditura meis.
Aſt ego progredior tacitè querebundus, & excors,
Et dubius volui ſæpe referre pedem.
Findor, & hæc remanet, ſequitur pars altera votum,
Raptaque tàm ſubitò gaudia flere juvat.
Sic dolet amiſſum proles Junonia cœlum,
Inter Leminiacos præcipitata focos.
Talis & abreptum ſolem reſpexit, ad Orcum
Vectus ab attonitis Amphiaraus equis.
Quid faciam infelix, & luctu victus, amores
Nec licet inceptos ponere, neve ſequi.
O utinam ſpectare ſemel mihi detur amatos
Vultus, & coràm triſtia verba loqui!
Forſitan & duro non eſt adamante creata,
Forte nec ad noſtras ſurdeat illa preces.
Crede mihi nullus ſic infeliciter arſit,
Ponar in exemplo primus & unus ego.
Parce precor teneri cum ſis deus ales amoris,
Pugnent officio nec tua facta tuo.
Jam tuus O certè eſt mihi formidabilis arcus,
Nate deâ, jaculis nec minus igne potens:
Et tua fumabunt noſtris altaria donis,
Solus & in ſuperis tu mihi ſummus eris.
Deme meos tandem, verùm nec deme furores,
Neſcio cur, miſer eſt ſuaviter omnis amans:
Tu modo da facilis, poſthæc mea ſiqua futura eſt,
Cuſpis amaturos figat ut una duos.

HÆc ego mente olim lævâ, ſtudioque ſupino
Nequitiæ poſui vana trophæa meæ.
Scilicet abreptum ſic me malus impulit error,
Indociliſque ætas prava magiſtra fuit.
Donec Socraticos umbroſa Academia rivos
Præbuit, admiſſum dedocuitque jugum.
Protinus extinctis ex illo tempore flammis,
Cincta rigent multo pectora noſtra gelu.
Unde ſuis frigus metuit puer ipſe Sagittis,
Et Diomedéam vim timet ipſa Venus.

In Proditionem Bombardicam.

CUm ſimul in regem nuper ſatrapaſque Britannos
Auſus es infandum perfide Fauxe nefas,
Fallor? an & mitis voluiſti ex parte videri,
Et penſare malâ cum pietate ſcelus;
Scilicet hos alti miſſurus ad atria cœli,
Sulphureo curru flammivoliſque rotis.
Qualiter ille feris caput inviolabile Parcis
Liquit lôrdanios turbine raptus agros.

In eandem.

SIccine tentaſti cælo donâſſe Jacobum
Quæ ſeptemgemino Belua monte latet?
Ni meliora tuum poterit dare munera numen,
Parce precor donis inſidioſa tuis.
Ille quidem ſine te conſortia ſerus adivit
Aſtra, nec inferni pulveris uſus ope.
Sic potiùs fœdos in cœlum pelle cucullos,
Et quot habet brutos Roma profana Deos,
Namque hac aut aliâ niſi quemque adjuveris arte,
Crede mihi cœli vix bene ſcandet iter.

In eandem.

PUrgatorem animæ deriſit Iacobus ignem,
Et ſine quo ſuperûm non adeunda domus.
Frenduit hoc trinâ monſtrum Latiale coronâ
Movit & horrificum corona dena minax.
Et nec inultus ait temnes mea ſacra Britanne,
Supplicium ſpretâ relligione dabis.
Et ſi ſtelligeras unquam penetraveris arces,
Non niſi per flammas triſte patebit iter.
O quàm funeſto ceciniſti proxima vero,
Verbaque ponderibus vix caritura ſuis!
Nam prope Tartareo ſublime rotatus ab igni
Ibat ad æthereas umbra peruſta plagas.

In eandem.

QUem modò Roma ſuis devoverat impia diris,
Et Styge damnarât Tænarioque ſinu,
Hunc vice mutatâ jam tollere geſtit ad aſtra,
Et cupit ad ſuperos evehere uſque Deos.

In

In inventorem Bombardæ.

JApetionidem laudavit cæca vetuſtas,
Qui tulit ætheream ſolis ab axe facem;
At mihi major erit, qui lurida creditur arma,
Et trifidum fulmen ſurripuiſſe Jovi.

Ad Leonoram Romæ canentem.

ANgelus unicuique ſuus (ſic credite gentes)
Obtigit æthereis ales ab ordinibus.
Quid mirum? Leonora tibi ſi gloria major,
Nam tua præſentem vox ſonat ipſa Deum.
Aut Deus, aut vacui certè mens tertia cœli
Per tua ſecretò guttura ſerpit agens;
Serpit agens, faciliſque docet mortalia corda
Senſim immortali aſſueſcere poſſe ſono.
Quòd ſi cuncta quidem Deus eſt, per cunctaque fuſus,
In te unâ loquitur, cætera mutus habet.

Ad eandem.

ALtera Torquatum cepit Leonora Poëtam,
Cujus ab inſano ceſſit amore furens.
Ah miſer ille tuo quantò feliciùs ævo
Perditus, & propter te Leonora foret!
Et te Pieriâ ſenſiſſet voce canentem
Aurea maternæ fila movere lyræ,
Quamvis Ditæo torſiſſet lumina Pentheo
Sævior, aut totus deſipuiſſet iners,
Tu tamen errantes cæcâ vertigine ſenſus
Voce eadem poteras compoſuiſſe tuâ;
Et poteras ægro ſpirans ſub corde quietem
Flexanimo cantu reſtituiſſe ſibi.

Ad eandem.

CRedula quid liquidam Sirena Neapoli jactas,
Claraque Parthenopes fana Acheloiados,
Littoreamque tuâ defunctam Naiada ripâ
Corpora Chalcidico ſacra dediſſe rogo?
Illa quidem vivitque, & amœnâ Tibridis undâ
Mutavit ranci murmura Pauſilipi.
Illic Romulidûm ſtudiis ornata ſecundis,
Atque homines cantu detinet atque Deos.

Apologus de Ruſtico & Hero.

RUſticus ex Malo ſapidiſſima poma quotannis
Legit, & urbano lecta dedit Domino:
Hinc incredibili fructûs dulcedine captus
Malum ipſam in proprias tranſtulit areolas.
Hactenus illa ferax, ſed longo debilis ævo,
Mota ſolo aſſueto, protinùs aret iners.
Quod tandem ut patuit Domino, ſpe luſus inani,
Damnavit celeres in ſua damna manus.
Atque ait, heu quantò ſatius fuit illa Coloni
(Parva licet) grato dona tuliſſe animo!
Poſſem Ego avaritiam frœnare, gulamque voracem:
Nunc periere mihi & fœtus & ipſa parens.

Elegiarum Finis.

SYLVA-

SYLVARUM LIBER.

Anno Ætatis 16.

In Obitum Procancellarii medici.

PArere fati discite legibus,
Manusque Parcæ jam date supplices,
Qui pendulum telluris orbem
Iâpeti colitis nepotes.
Vos si relicto mors vaga Tænaro
Semel vocârit flebilis, heu moræ
Tentantur incassùm dolique;
Per tenebras Stygis ire certum est.
Si destinatam pellere dextera
Mortem valeret, non ferus Hercules
Nessi venenatus cruore
Æmathiâ jacuisset Oetâ.
Nec fraude turpi Palladis invidæ
Vidisset occisum Ilion Hectora, aut
Quem larva Pelidis peremit
Ense Locro, Jove lacrymante.
Si triste fatum verba Hecatëia
Fugare possint, Telegoni parens
Vixisset infamis, potentique
Ægiali soror usa virgâ.
Numenque trinum fallere si queant
Artes medentûm, ignotaque gramina,
Non gnarus herbarum Machaon
Eurypyli cecidisset hastâ.
Læsisset & nec te Philyreie
Sagitta echidnæ perlita Sanguine,
Nec tela te fulmenque avitum:
Cæse puer genitricis alvo.
Tuque O alumno major Apolline,
Gentis togatæ cui regimen datum,
Frondosa quem nunc Cirrha luget,
Et mediis Helicon in undis,
Jam præfuisses Palladio gregi
Lætus, superstes, nec sine gloriæ
Nec puppe lustrasses Charontis
Horribiles barathri recessus.
At fila rupit Persephone tua
Irata, cum te viderit artibus
Succoque pollenti tot atris
Faucibus eripuisse mortis.
Colende Præses, membra precor tua
Molli quiescant cespite, & ex tuo
Crescant rosæ, calthæque busto,
Purpureoque hyacinthus ore.
Sit mite de te Judicium Æaci,
Subrideatque Ætnæa Proserpina,
Interque felices perennis
Elysio spatiere campo.

In quintum Novembris, Anno Ætatis 17.

JAm pius extremâ veniens Iâcobus ab arctô
Teucrigenas populos, latéque patentia regna
Albionum tenuit, jamque inviolabile fœdus
Sceptra Caledoniis conjunxerat Anglica Scotis:
Pacificusque novo felix diversque sedebat
In solio, occultique doli securus & hostis:
Cum ferus ignifluo regnans Acheronte tyrannus,
Eumenidum pater, æthereo vagus exul Olympo,
Forte per immensum terrarum erraverat orbem,
Dinumerans sceleris socios, vernasque fideles,
Participes regni post funera mœsta futuros;
Hic tempestates medio ciet aëre diras,
Illic unanimes odium struit inter amicos,
Armat & invictas in mutua viscere gentes;
Regnaque olivifera vertit florentia pace,
Et quoscunque videt puræ virtutis amantes,
Hos cupit adjicere imperio, fraudumque magister
Tentat inaccessum sceleri corrumpere pectus,
Insidiasque locat tacitas, cassesque latentes
Tendit, ut incautos rapiat, seu Caspia Tigris
Insequitur trepidam deserta per avia prædam
Nocte sub alterna, & somno nictantibus astris.
Talibus infestat Populos Summanus & urbes
Cinctus cæruleæ fumanti turbine Flammæ.
Jamque fluentisonis albentia rupibus arva
Apparent, & terra Deo dilecta marino,
Cui nomen dederat quondam Neptunia proles
Amphitryoniaden qui non dubitavit atrocem
Æquore tranato furiali poscere bello,
Ante expugnatæ crudelia sæcula Troiæ.

At

At ſimul hanc opibuſque & feſtâ pace beatam
Aſpicit, & pingues donis Cerealibus agros,
Quodque magis doluit, venerantem numina veri
Sancta Dei populum, tandem ſuſpiria rupit
Tartareos ignes & luridum olentia ſulphur.
Qualia Trinacria trux ab Jove clauſus in Ætna
Efflat tabifico monſtroſus ab ore Typhœus.
Igneſcunt oculi, ſtridetque adamantinus ordo
Dentis, ut armorum fragor, ictaque cuſpide cuſpis.
Atque pererrato ſolum hoc lacrymabile mundo
Inveni, dixit, gens hæc mihi ſola rebellis,
Contemtrixque jugi, noſtraque potentior arte.
Illa tamen, mea ſi quicquam tantamina poſſunt:
Non feret hoc impune diu, non ibit inulta,
Hactenus; & piceis liquido natat aëre pennis;
Quà volat, adverſi præcurſant agmine venti,
Denſantur nubes, & crebra tonitrua fulgent.
Jamque pruinoſas velox ſuperaverat alpes,
Et tenet Auſoniæ fines, à parte ſiniſtra
Nimbifer Appenninus erat, priſcique Sabini,
Dextra veneficiis infamis Hetruria, nec non
Te furtiva Tibris Thetidi videt oſcula dantem;
Hinc Mavortigenæ conſiſtit in arce Quirini.
Reddiderant dubiam jam ſera crepuſcula lucem,
Cum circumgreditur totam Tricoronifer urbem,
Panificoſque Deos portat, ſcapuliſque virorum
Evehitur, præeunt ſubmiſſo poplite reges,
Et mendicantum ſeries longiſſima fratrum;
Cereaque in manibus geſtant funalia cæci
Cimmeriis nati in tenebris, vitamque trahentes.
Templa dein multis ſubeunt lucentia tædis
(Veſper erat ſacer iſte Petro) fremituſque canentum
Sæpe tholos implet vacuos, & inane locorum.
Qualiter exululat Bromius, Bromiique caterva,
Orgia cantantes in Echionio Aracyntho,
Dum tremit attonitus vitreis Aſopus in undis,
Et procul ipſe cavâ reſponſat rupe Cithæron.
His igitur tandem ſolenni more peractis,
Nox ſenis amplexus Eribi taciturna reliquit,
Præcipiteſque impellit equos ſtimulante flagello,
Captum oculis Typhlonta, Melanchætemq; ferocem,
Atque Acherontæo prognatam patre Siopen
Torpidam, & hirſutis horrentem Phrica capillis.
Interea regum domitor, Phlegetontius hæres.
Ingreditur thalamos (neque enim ſecretus adulter
Producit ſteriles molli ſine pellice noctes)
At vix compoſitos ſomnus claudebat ocellos,
Cum niger umbrarum dominus, rectorque ſilentum,
Prædatorque hominum falsâ ſub imagine tectus
Aſtitit, aſſumptis micuerunt tempora canis,
Barba ſinus promiſſa tegit, cineracea longo
Syrmate verrit humum veſtis, pendetque cucullus
Vertice de raſo, & ne quicquam deſit ad artes,
Cannabeo lumbos conſtrinxit fune ſalaces.
Tarda feneſtratis figens veſtigia calceis.
Talis uti fama eſt, vaſtâ Franciſcus eremo
Terra vagabatur ſolus per luſtra ferarum,
Sylveſtrique tulit genti pia verba ſalutis
Impius, atque lupos domuit, Lybicoſque leones.
Subdolus at tali Serpens velatus amictu
Solvit in has fallax ora execrantia voces;
Dormis nate? Etiamne tuos ſopor opprimit artus?
Immemor O fidei, pecorumque oblite tuorum!
Dum cathedram venerande tuam, diademaq; triplex
Ridet Hyperboreo gens barbara nata ſub axe,
Dumque pharetrati ſpernunt tua jura Britanni:
Surge, age, ſurge piger, Latius quem Cæſar adorat.
Cui reſerata patet convexi janua cœli,
Turgentes animos, & faſtus frange procaces,
Sacrilegique ſciant, tua quid maledictio poſſit,
Et quid Apoſtolicæ poſſit cuſtodia clavis;
Et memor Heſperiæ disjectam ulciſcere claſſem,
Merſaque Iberorum lato vexilla profundo,
Sanctorumque cruci tot corpora fixa probroſæ,
Thermodoontea nuper regnante puella.
At tu ſi tenero mavis torpeſcere lecto
Creſcenteſque negas hoſti contundere vires,
Tyrrhenum implebit numeroſo milite pontum,
Signaque Aventino ponet fulgentia colle:
Relliquias veterum franget, flammiſque cremabit,
Sacraque calcabit pedibus tua colla profanis,
Cujus gaudebant ſoleîs dare baſia reges.
Nec tamen hunc bellis & aperto Marte laceſſes,
Irritus ille labor, tu callidus utere fraude,
Quælibet hæreticis diſponere retia fas eſt;
Jamque ad conſilium extremis rex magnus ab oris
Patricios vocat, & procerum de ſtirpe creatos,
Grandævoſque patres trabeâ, caniſque verendos;
Hos tu membratim poteris conſpergere in auras,
Atque dare in cineres, nitrati pulveris igne
Ædibus injecto, quà convenere, ſub imis.
Protinus ipſe igitur quoſcunque habet Anglia fidos
Propoſiti, factique mone, quiſquámne tuorum
Audebit ſummi non juſſa faceſſere Papæ.
Perculſoſque metu ſubito, caſumque ſtupentes
Invadat vel Gallus atrox, vel ſævus Iberus.
Sæcula ſic illic tandem Mariana redibunt,
Tuque in belligeros iterum dominaberis Anglos.
Et nequid timeas, divos divaſque ſecundas
Accipe, quotque tuis celebrantur numina faſtis.
Dixit & adſcitos ponens malefidus amictus
Fugit ad infandam, regnum illætabile, Lethen.
Jam roſea Eoas pandens Tithonia portas
Veſtit inauratas redeunti lumine terras;
Mæſtaque adhuc nigri deplorans funera nati
Irrigat ambroſiis montana cacumina guttis;
Cum ſomnos pepulit ſtellatæ janitor aulæ
Nocturnos viſus, & ſomnia grata revolvens.
Eſt locus æternâ ſeptus caligine noctis
Vaſta ruinoſi quondam fundamina tecti,
Nunc torvi ſpelunca Phoni, Prodotæque bilinguis
Effera quos uno peperit Diſcordia partu.
Hic inter cæmenta jacent præruptaque ſaxa,
Oſſa inhumata virum, & trajecta cadavera ferro;
Hic dolus intortis ſemper ſedet ater ocellis,
Jurgiaque, & ſtimulis armata Calumnia fauces.
Et Furor, atque viæ moriendi mille videntur
Et timor, exanguiſque locum circumvolat Horror,
Perpetuoque leves per muta ſilentia Manes,
Exululat tellus & ſanguine conſcia ſtagnat.
Ipſi etiam pavidi latitant penetralibus antri
Et Phonos, & Prodotes, nulloq; ſequente per antrum
Antrum horrens, ſcopuloſum, atrum feralibus umbris
Diffugiunt fontes, & retrò lumina vortunt,

Hos pugiles Romæ per ſæcula longa fideles
Evocat antiſtes Babylonius, atque ita fatur.
Finibus occiduis circumfuſum incolit æquor
Gens exoſa mihi, prudens natura negavit
Indignam penitus noſtro conjungere mundo:
Illuc, ſic jubeo, celeri contendite greſſu,
Tartareoque leves diffluntur pulvere in auras
Et rex & pariter ſatrapæ, ſcelerata propago
Et quotquot fidei caluere cupidine veræ
Conſilii ſocios adhibete, operiſque miniſtros.
Finierat, rigidi cupidâ paruere gemelli.
Interea longo flectens curvamine cœlos
Deſpicit æthereâ dominus qui fulgurat arce,
Vanaque perverſæ ridet conamina turbæ,
Atque ſui cauſam populi volet ipſe tueri.
Eſſe ferunt ſpatium, quà diſtat ab Aſide terra
Fertilis Europe, & ſpectat Mareotidas undas;
Hic turris poſita eſt Titanidos ardua Famæ
Ærea, lata, ſonans, rutilis vicinior aſtris
Quàm ſuperimpoſitum vel Athos vel Pelion Oſſæ
Mille fores adituſque patent, totidemque feneſtræ,
Amplaque per tenues tranſlucent atria muros;
Excitat hic varios plebs agglomerata ſuſurros;
Qualiter inſtrepitant circum mulctralia bombis
Agmina muſcarum, aut texto per ovilia junco,
Dum Canis æſtivum cœli petit ardua culmen
Ipſa quidem ſummâ ſedet ultrix matris in arce,
Auribus innumeris cinctum caput eminet olli,
Queis ſonitum exiguum trahit, atque leviſſima captat
Murmura, ab extremis patuli confinibus orbis.
Nec tot Ariſtoride ſervator inique juvencæ
Iſidos, immiti volvebas lumina vultu,
Lumina non unquam tacito nutantia ſomno,
Lumina ſubjectas late ſpectantia terras.
Iſtis illa ſolet loca luce carentia ſæpe
Perluſtrare, etiam radianti impervia ſoli.
Milleniſque loquax auditaque viſaque linguis
Cuilibet effundit temeraria, veraque mendax
Nunc minuit, modo confictis ſermonibus auget.
Sed tamen a noſtro meruiſti carmine laudes
Fama, bonum quo non aliud veracius ullum,
Nobis digna cani, nec te memoraſſe pigebit
Carmine tam longo, ſervati ſcilicit Angli
Officiis vaga diva tuis, tibi reddimus æqua.
Te Deus æternos motu qui temperat ignes,
Fulmine præmiſſo alloquitur, terrâque tremente:
Fama ſiles? an te latet impia Papiſtarum
Conjurata cohors in meque meoſque Britannos,
Et nova ſceptrigero cædes meditata Jacobo:
Nec plura, illa ſtatim ſenſit mandata Tonantis,
Et ſatis ante fugax ſtridentes induit alas,
Induit & variis exilia corpora plumis;
Dextra tubam geſtat Temeſæo ex ære ſonoram.
Nec mora jam pennis cedentes remigat auras,
Atque parum eſt curſu celeres prævertere nubes,
Jam ventos, jam ſolis equos poſt terga reliquit:
Et primo Angliacas ſolito de more per urbes
Ambiguas voces, incertaque murmura ſpargit,
Mox arguta dolos, & deteſtabile vulgat
Proditionis opus, nec non facta horrida dictu,
Authoreſque addit ſceleris, nec garrula cæcis
Inſidiis loca ſtructa ſilet; ſtupuere relatis,
Et pariter juvenes, pariter tremuere puellæ,
Effætique ſenes pariter, tantæque ruinæ
Senſus ad ætatem ſubito penetraverat omnem.
Attamen interea populi miſereſcit ab alto
Æthereus pater, & crudelibus obſtitit auſis
Papicolûm; capti pœnas rapantur ad acres;
At pia thura Deo, & grati ſolvuntur honores;
Compita læta focis genialibus omnia fumant;
Turba choros juvenilis agit: Quintoq; Novembris
Nulla Dies toto occurrit celebratior anno.

Anno ætatis 17. *In obitum. Præſulis Elienſis.*

ADhuc madentes rore ſqualebant genæ,
Et ſicca nondum lumina;
Adhuc liquentis imbre turgebant ſalis,
Quem nuper effudi pius,
Dum mœſta charo juſta perſolvi rogo
Wintonienſis Præſulis.
Cum centilinguis Fama (proh ſemper mali
Cladiſque vera nuntia.)
Spargit per urbes divitis Britanniæ,
Populoſque Neptuno ſatos,
Ceſſiſſe morti, & ferreis ſororibus
Te generis humani decus,
Qui rex ſacrorum illâ fuiſti inſulâ
Quæ nomen Anguillæ tenet.
Tunc inquietum pectus irâ protinus
Ebulliebat fervidâ,
Tumulis potentem ſæpe devovens deam:
Nec vota Naſo in Ibida
Concepit alto diriora pectore,
Graiuſque vates parcius
Turpem Lycambis execratus eſt dolum
Sponſamque Neobolen ſuam.
At ecce diras ipſe dum fundo graves,
Et imprecor neci necem,
Audiſſe tales videor attonitus ſonos
Leni, ſub aurâ, flamine:
Cæcos furores pone, pone vitream
Bilemque & irritas minas,
Quid temerè violas non nocenda numina,
Subitoque ad iras percita?
Non eſt, ut arbitraris eluſus miſer,
Mors atra Noctis filia,
Erebóve patre Creta, ſive Erinnye,
Vaſtove nata ſub Chao:
Aſt illa cœlo miſſa ſtellato, Dei
Meſſes ubique colligit;
Animaſque mole carneâ reconditas
In lucem & auras evocat:
Ut cum fugaces excitant Horæ diem
Themidos Joviſque filiæ;
Et ſempiterni ducit ad vultus patris;
At juſta raptat impios
Sub regna furvi luctuoſa Tartari,
Sedeſque ſubterraneas
Hanc ut vocantem lætus audivi, cito
Fœdum reliqui carcerem,
Volatileſque fauſtus inter milites
Ad aſtra ſublimis feror:

Vates

Vates ut olim raptus ad cœlum ſenex
Auriga currus ignei,
Non me Bootis terruere lucidi
Sarraca tarda frigore, aut
Formidoloſi Scorpionis brachia,
Non enſis Orion tuus.
Prætervolavi fulgidi ſolis globum,
Longéque ſub pedibus deam
Vidi triformem, dum coercebat ſuos
Frænis dracones aureis.
Erraticorum ſyderum per ordines,
Per lacteas vehor plagas,
Velocitatem ſæpe miratus novam,
Donec nitentes ad fores
Ventum eſt Olympi, & regiam Chryſtallinam, &
Stratum ſmaragdis Atrium.
Sed hic tacebo, nam quis effari queat
Oriundus humano patre
Amœnitates illius loci? mihi
Sat eſt in æternum frui.

Naturam non pati ſenium.

HEu quàm perpetuis erroribus acta fatiſcit
Avia mens hominum, tenebriſq; immerſa profundis
Oedipodioniam volvit ſub pectore noctem!
Quæ veſana ſuis metiri facta deorum
Audet, & inciſas leges adamante perenni
Affimilare ſuis, nulloque ſolubile ſæclo
Conſilium fati perituris alligat horis.
Ergóne mareeſcet ſulcantibus obſita rugis
Naturæ facies, & rerum publica mater
Omniparum contracta uterum ſterileſcet ab ævo?
Et ſe faſſa ſenem malè certis paſſibus ibit
Sidereum tremebunda caput? num tetra vetuſtas
Annorumque æterna fames, ſqualorque ſituſque
Sidera vexabunt? an & inſatiabile Tempus
Eſuriet Cœlum, rapietque in viſcera patrem?
Heu, potuitne ſuas imprudens Jupiter arces
Hoc contra munîſſe nefas, & temporis iſto
Exemiſſe malo, gyroſque dediſſe perennes?
Ergo erit ut, quandoque ſono dilapſa tremendo
Convexi tabulata ruant, atque obvius ictu
Stridat uterque polus, ſuperàque ut Olympius aulâ
Decidat, horribiliſque retectâ Gorgone Pallas.
Qualis in Ægeam proles Junonia Lemnon
Deturbata ſacro cecidit de limine cœli.
Tu quoque Phœbe tui caſus imitabere nati
Præcipiti curru, ſubitáque ferere ruinâ
Pronus, & extinctâ fumabit lampade Nereus,
Et dabit attonito feralia ſibila ponto.
Tunc etiam aërei divulſis ſedibus Hæmi
Diſſultabit apex, imoque alliſa barathro
Terrebunt Stygium dejecta Ceraûnia Ditem
In ſuperos quibus uſus erat, fraternaque bella.
At pater omnipotens fundatis fortius aſtris
Conſuluit rerum ſummæ, certoque peregit
Pondere fatorum lances, atque ordine ſummo
Singula perpetuum juſſit ſervare tenorem.
Volvitur hinc lapſu mundi rota prima diurno;
Raptat & ambit os ſociâ vertigine cœlos.
Tardior haud ſolito Saturnus, & acer ut olim
Fulmineum rutilat criſtatâ caſſide Mavors
Floridus æternùm Phœbus juvenile coruſcat,
Nec fovet effœtas loca per declivia terras
Devexo temone Deus; ſed ſemper amicâ
Luce potens eadem currit per ſigna rotarum,
Surgit odoratis pariter formoſus ab Indis
Æthereum pecus albenti qui cogit Olympo
Mane vocans, & ſerus agens in paſcua cœli,
Temporis & gemino diſpertit regna colore.
Fulget, obitque vices alterno Delia cornu,
Cæruleumque ignem paribus complectitur ulnis.
Nec variant elementa fidem, ſolitóque fragore
Lurida perculſas jaculantur fulmina rupes.
Nec per inane furit leviori murmure Corus,
Stringit & armiferos æquali horrore Gelonos
Trux Aquilo, ſpiratque hyemem, nimboſque volutat.
Utque ſolet, Siculi diverberat ima Pelori
Rex maris, & raucâ circumſtrepit æquora conchâ
Oceani Tubicen, nec vaſtâ mole minorem
Ægeona ferunt dorſo Balearica cete.
Sed neque Terra tibi ſæcli vigor ille vetuſti
Priſcus abeſt, ſervatque ſuum Narciſſus odorem,
Et puer ille ſuum tenet & puer ille decorem
Phœbe tuuſque & Cypri tuus, nec ditior olim
Terra datum ſceleri celavit montibus aurum
Conſcia, vel ſub aquis gemmas. Sic deniq; in ævum
Ibit cunctarum ſeries juſtiſſima rerum,
Donec flamma orbem populabitur ultima, latè
Circumplexa polos, & vaſti culmina cœli;
Ingentique rogo flagrabit machina mundi.

De Idea Platonica quemadmodum Ariſtoteles intellexit.

DIcite ſacrorum præſides nemorum deæ,
Tuque O noveni perbeata numinis
Memoria mater, quæque in immenſo procul
Antro recumbis otioſa Æternitas,
Monumenta ſervans, & ratas leges Jovis,
Cœlique faſtos atque ephemeridas Deûm,
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura ſolers finxit humanum genus,
Æternus, incorruptus, æquævus polo,
Unuſque & univerſus, exemplar Dei?
Haud ille Palladis gemellus innubæ
Interna proles inſidet menti Jovis;
Sed quamlibet natura ſit communior,
Tamen ſeorsùs extat ad morem unius,
Et, mira, certo ſtringitur ſpatio loci;
Seu ſempiternus ille ſyderum comes
Cœli pererrat ordines decemplicis,
Citimúmve terris incolit Lunæ globum:
Sive inter animas corpus adituras ſedens
Oblivioſas torpet ad Lethes aquas:
Sive in remotâ forte terrarum plaga
Incedit ingens hominis archetypus gigas,
Et iis tremendus erigit celſum caput

Atlante

Atlante major portitore ſyderum.
Non cui profundum cæcitas lumen dedit
Dircæus augur vidit hunc alto ſinu;
Non hunc ſilenti nocte Plëiones nepos
Vatum ſagaci præpes oſtendit choro;
Non hunc ſacerdos novit Aſſyrius, licet
Longos vetuſti commemoret atavos Nini,
Priſcumque Belon, inclytumque Oſiridem,
Non ille trino glorioſus nomine
Ter magnus Hermes (ut ſit arcani ſciens)
Talem reliquit Iſidis cultoribus.
At tu perenne ruris Academi decus
(Hæc monſtra ſi tu primus induxit ſcholis)
Jam jam poetas urbis exules tuæ
Revocabis, ipſe fabulator maximus,
Aut inſtitutor ipſe migrabis foras.

Ad Patrem.

NUnc mea Pierios cupiam per pectora fontes
Irriguas torquere vias, totumque per ora
Volvere laxatum gemino de vertice rivum;
Ut tenues oblita ſonos audacibus alis
Surgat in Officium venerandi Muſa parentis.
Hoc utcunque tibi gratum pater optime carmen
Exiguum meditatur opus, nec novimus ipſi
Aptiùs à nobis quæ poſſint munera donis
Reſpondere tuis, quamvis nec maxima poſſint
Reſpondere tuis, nedum par gratia donis
Eſſe queat, vacuis quæ redditur arida verbis.
Sed tamen hæc noſtros oſtendit pagina cenſus,
Et quod habemus opum chartâ numeravimus iſtâ,
Quæ mihi ſunt nullæ, niſi quas dedit aurea Clio,
Quas mihi ſemoto ſomni peperere ſub antro,
Et nemoris laureta ſacri Parnaſſides umbræ.
Nec tu vatis opus divinum deſpice carmen,
Quo nihil æthereos ortus, & ſemina cœli,
Nil magis humanam commendat origine mentem,
Sancta Promethéæ retinens veſtigia flammæ.
Carmen amant ſuperi, tremebundaq; Tartara carmen
Ima ciere valet, divoſque ligare profundos,
Et triplici duros Manes adamante coercet.
Carmine ſepoſiti retegunt arcana futuri
Phœbades, & tremulæ pallantes ora Sibyllæ;
Carmina ſacrificus ſollennes pangit ad aras
Aurea ſeu ſternit motantem cornua taurum;
Seu cùm fata ſagax fumantibus abdita fibris
Conſulit, & tepidis Parcam ſcrutatur in extis.
Nos etiam patrium tunc cum repetemus Olympum,
Æternæque moræ ſtabunt immobilis ævi,
Ibimus auratis per cœli templa coronis,
Dulcia ſuaviloquo ſociantes carmina plectro,
Aſtra quibus, geminique poli convexa ſonabunt.
Spiritus & rapidos qui circinat igneus orbes,
Nunc quoque ſydereis intercinit ipſe choreis
Immortale melos, & inenarrabile carmen;
Torrida dum rutilus compeſcit ſibila ſerpens,
Demiſſoque ferox gladio manſueſcit Orion;
Stellarum nec ſentit onus Mauruſius Atlas.
Carmina regales epulas ornare ſolebant,
Cum nondum luxus, vaſtæq; immenſa vorago
Nota Gulæ, & modico ſpumabat cœna Lyæo.
Tum de more ſedens feſta ad convivia vates
Æſculeâ intonſos redimitus ab arbore crines,
Heroumque actus, imitandaque geſta canebat,
Et chaos, & poſiti latè fundamina mundi,
Reptanteſque Deos, & alentes numina glandes,
Et nondum Ætneo quæſitum fulmen ab antro.
Denique quid vocis modulamen inane juvabit,
Verborum ſenſuſque vacans, numeriq; loquacis?
Silveſtres decet iſte choros, non Orphea cantus,
Qui tenuit fluvios & quercubus addidit aures
Carmine, non citharâ, ſimulachraque functa canendo
Compulit in lacrymas; habet has à carmine laudes.
Nec tu perge precor ſacras contemnere Muſas,
Nec vanas inopeſque puta, quarum ipſe peritus
Munere, mille ſonos numeros componis ad aptos,
Millibus & vocem modulis variare canoram
Doctus, Arionii meritò ſis nominis hæres.
Nunc tibi quid mirum, ſi me genuiſſe poëtam
Contigerit, charo ſi tam propè ſanguine juncti
Cognatas artes, ſtudiumque affine ſequamur:
Ipſe volens Phœbus ſe diſpertire duobus,
Altera dona mihi, dedit altera dona parenti,
Dividuumq; Deum genitorq; puerque tenemus.
Tu tamen ut ſimules teneras odiſſe camœnas,
Non odiſſe reor, neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Quà via lata patet, quà pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget ſpes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, malè cuſtoditaque gentis
Jura, nec inſulſis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens diteſcere mentem,
Me procul urbano ſtrepitu, ſeceſſibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phœbæo lateri comitem ſinis ire beatum.
Officium chari taceo commune parentis,
Me poſcunt majora, tuo pater optime ſumptu
Cùm mihi Romuleæ patuit facundia linguæ,
Et Latii veneres, & quæ Jovis ora decebant,
Grandia magniloquis elata vocabula Graiis,
Addere ſuaſiſti quos jactat Gallia flores,
Et quam degeneri novus Italus ore loquelam
Fundit, Barbaricos teſtatus voce tumultus,
Quæque Palæſtinus loquitur myſteria vates.
Denique quicquid habet cœlum, ſubjectaq; cœlo
Terra parens, terræque & cœlo interfluus aer,
Quicquid & unda tegit, pontique agitabile marmor,
Per te noſſe licet, per te, ſi noſſe libebit.
Dimotáque venit ſpectanda ſcientia nube,
Nudaque conſpicuos inclinat ad oſcula vultus,
Ni fugiſſe velim, ni ſit libaſſe moleſtum.
I nunc, confer opes quiſquis maleſanus avitas
Auſtriaci gazas, Perúanaque regna præoptas.

Quæ

Quæ potuit majora pater tribuiſſe, vel ipſe
Jupiter, excepto, donâſſet ut omnia, cœlo?
Non potiora dedit, quamvis & tuta fuiſſent,
Publica qui juveni commiſit lumina nato
Atque Hyperionios currus, & fræna diei,
Et circum undantem radiatâ luce tiaram.
Ergo ego jam doctæ pars quamlibet ima catervæ
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebo,
Jamque nec obſcurus populo miſcebor inerti,
Vitabuntque oculos veſtigia noſtra profanos.
Eſte procul vigiles curæ, procul eſte querelæ,
Invidiæque acies tranſverſo tortilis hirquo,
Sæva nec anguiferos extende calumnia rictus;
In me triſte nihil fœdiſſima turba poteſtis,
Nec veſtri ſum juris ego; ſecuraque tutus
Pectora, vipereo gradiar ſublimis ab ictu.
At tibi, chare pater, poſtquam non æqua merenti
Poſſe referre datur, nec dona rependere factis,
Sit memorâſſe ſatis, repetitaque munera grato
Perpenſare animo, fidæque reponere menti.
Et vos, O noſtri, juvenilia carmina, luſus,
Si modo perpetuos ſperare audebitis annos,
Et domini ſupereſſe rogo, lucemque tueri,
Nec ſpiſſo rapient oblivia nigra ſub Orco,
Forſitan has laudes, decantatumque parentis
Nomen, ad exemplum, ſero ſervabitis ævo.

PSAL. CXIV.

Ἐν τῷ ἐξελθεῖν τὸν Ἰσραὴλ ἐξ Αἰγύπτου, τὸν οἶκον Ἰακὼβ ἀπὸ λαοῦ βαρβάρου,
Ἐγένετο Ἰουδαία ἁγία τῷ Θεῷ, καὶ Ἰσραὴλ ἐξουσία αὐτοῦ.
Καὶ εἶδεν ἡ θάλασσα καὶ ἔφυγεν· ὁ Ἰορδάνης ἐστράφη εἰς τὰ ὀπίσω.
Τὰ ὄρη ἐσκίρτησαν ὡς κριοὶ, καὶ οἱ βουνοὶ ὡς ἀρνία προβάτων.
Τί σοι ἦν, θάλασσα, ὅτι ἔφυγες; καὶ σύ, Ἰορδάνη, ὅτι ἐστράφης εἰς τὰ ὀπίσω;
Τὰ ὄρη ἐσκιρτήσατε ὡς κριοὶ, καὶ οἱ βουνοὶ ὡς ἀρνία προβάτων;
Ἀπὸ προσώπου Κυρίου ἐκινήθη ἡ γῆ, ἀπὸ προσώπου τοῦ Θεοῦ Ἰακώβ.
Τοῦ στρέψαντος τὴν πέτραν εἰς λίμνας ὑδάτων, καὶ τὴν ἀκρότομον εἰς πηγὰς ὑδάτων.

Philoſophus ad regem quendam qui cum ignotum & inſontem inter reos forte captum inſcius damnaverat τὴν ὅτι θανάτῳ πρευθύμως *hæc ſubito miſit.*

Ὦ ἄνα εἰ ὀλέσας με † ἔγνωμον, ἐδὲ τὴν ἀφροσύνην
Δεινὸν ὅλως ἀφέσαντα, σοφώτατον ἴδε χάρηνον
Ῥηϊδίως ἀφέλοιο, τὸ δ' ὕστερον αὖθι νοήσεις,
Μᾶλλόν δ' ἀρ ἔπειτα τὸν πρὸς θυμὸν ὀλυρῆ,
Τοιόν δ' ἐκ πόλιος ἀθῴωμον ἄλκαρ ὀλέσας.

In Effigiei Ejus Sculptorem.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τλῶδε μοῦ εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτουργὸς βλέπων
Τὸν δ' ἐκλυπτὸν ἐκ ὀπυόντες φίλοι
Τελαῖτε φαύλης δυσμίμητα ζωγράφου.

Ad Salſillum Poetam Romanum ægrotantem.

SCAZONTES.

O Muſa greſſum quæ volens trahis claudum,
Vulcanioque tarda gaudes inceſſu,
Nec ſentis illud in loco minus gratum,
Quàm cùm decentes fiava Dëiope ſuras
Alternat aureum ante Junonis lectum,
Adeſdum & hæc s'is verba pauca Salſillo
Refer, camœna noſtra cui tantum eſt cordi,
Quamque ille magnis prætulit immeritò divis.
Hæc ergo alumnus ille Londini Milto,
Diebus hiſce qui ſuum linquens nidum
Polique tractum, (peſſimus ubi ventorum,
Inſanientis impotenſque pulmonis
Pernix anhela ſub Jove exercet flabra)
Venit feraces Itali ſoli ad glebas,
Viſum ſuperbâ cognitas urbes famâ
Viroſque doctæque indolem juventutis,
Tibi optat idem hic fauſta multa Salſille,
Habitumque feſſo corpori penitùs ſanum;
Cui nunc profunda bilis infeſtat renes,
Præcordiiſque fixa damnoſum ſpirat.
Nec id pepercit impia quòd tu Romano
Tam cultus ore Lesbium condis melos.
O dulce divûm munus, O ſalus Hebes
Germana! Tuque Phœbe morborum terror
Pythone cæſo, ſive tu magis Pæan
Libenter audis, hic tuus ſacerdos eſt.
Querceta Fauni, voſque rore vinoſo
Colles benigni, mitis Evandri ſedes,
Siquid ſalubre vallibus frondet veſtris,
Levamen ægro ferte certatim vati.
Sic ille charis redditus rurſum Muſis
Vicina dulci prata mulcebit cantu.
Ipſe inter atros emirabitur lucos
Numa, ubi beatum degit otium æternum,

Suam reclivis ſemper Ægeriam ſpectans.
Tumidiſque & ipſe Tibris hinc delinitus
Spei favebit annuæ colonorum:
Nec in ſepulchris ibit obſeſſum reges
Nimiùm ſiniſtro laxus irruens loro:
Sed fræna melius temperabit undarum,
Aduſque curvi falſa regna Portumni.

Manſus.

Joannes Baptiſta Manſus Marchio Villenſis, vir ingenii laude, tum literarum ſtudio, nec non & bellica virtute apud Italos clarus in primis eſt. Ad quem Torquati Taſſi dialogus extat de Amicitia ſcriptus; erat enim Taſſi amiciſſimus; ab quo etiam inter Campaniæ principes celebratur, in illo poemate cui titulus Geruſalemme conquiſtata, *lib. 20.*

Fra cavalier magnanimi, è corteſi
Riſplende il Manſo——

Is authorem Neapoli commorantem ſummâ benevolentia proſecutus eſt, multaque ei detulit humanitatis officia. Ad hunc itaque hoſpes ille antequam ab ea urbe diſcederet, ut ne ingratum ſe oſtenderet, hoc carmen miſit.

HÆc quoque Manſe tuæ meditantur carmina laudi
Pierides, tibi Manſe choro notiſſime Phœbi,
Quandoquidem ille alium haud æquo eſt dignatus honore,
Poſt galli cineres, & Mecænatis Hetruſci.
Tu quoque ſi noſtræ tantum valet aura Camœnæ,
Victrices hederas inter, lauroſque ſedebis.
Te pridem magno felix concordia Taſſo
Junxit, & æternis inſcripſit nomina chartis.
Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe gaudet alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores;
Mollis & Auſonias ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.
Ille itidem moriens tibi ſoli debita vates
Oſſa tibi ſoli, ſupremaque vota reliquit.
Nec manes pietas tua chara fefellit amici,
Vidimus arridentem operoſo ex ære poetam.
Nec ſatis hoc viſum eſt in utrumque, & nec pia ceſſant
Officia in tumulo, cupis integros rapere Orco,
Quà potes, atque avidas Parcarum eludere leges:
Amborum genus, & varia ſub ſorte peractam
Deſcribis vitam, moreſque, & dona Mivervæ;
Æmulus illius Mycalen qui natus ad altam
Rettulit Æolii vitam facundus Homeri.
Ergo ego te Cliûs & magni nomine Phœbi
Manſe pater, jubeo longum ſalvere per ævum
Miſſus Hyperboreo juvenis peregrinus ab axe.
Nec tu longinquam bonus aſpernabare muſam,
Quæ nuper gelidâ vix enutrita ſub Arcto
Imprudens Italas auſa eſt volitare per urbes.
Nos etiam in noſtro modulantes flumine cygnos
Credimus obſcuras noctis ſenſiſſe per umbras,
Quà Thameſis late puris argenteus urnis
Oceani glaucos perfundit gurgite crines.
Quin & in has quondam pervenit Tityrus oras.
Sed neque nos genus incultum, nec inutile Phœbo,
Quà plaga ſepteno mundi ſulcata Trione
Brumalem patitur longâ ſub nocte Boôten.
Nos etiam colimus Phœbum, nos munera Phœbo
Flaventes ſpicas, & lutea mala caniſtris,
Halantemque crocum (perhibet niſi vana vetuſtas)
Miſimus, & lectas Druidum de gente choreas.
(Gens Druides antiqua ſacris operata deorum
Heroum laudes imitandaque geſta canebant)
Hinc quoties feſto cingunt altaria cantu
Delo in herbosâ Graiæ de more puellæ
Carminibus lætis memorant Corinëida Loxo,
Fatidicamque Upin, cum flavicomâ Hecaërge
Nuda Caledonio variatas pectora fuco.
Fortunate ſenex, ergo quacunque per orbem
Torquati decus, & nomen celebrabitur ingens,
Claraque perpetui ſuccreſcet fama Marini,
Tu quoque in ora frequens venies plauſumque virorum,
Et parili carpes iter immortale volatu.
Dicetur tum ſponte tuos habitaſſe penates
Cynthius, & famulas veniſſe ad limina Muſas:
At non ſponte domum tamen idem, & regis adivit
Rura Pheretiadæ cœlo fugitivus Apollo;
Ille licet magnum Alciden ſuſceperat hoſpes;
Tantùm ubi clamoſos placuit vitare bubulcos,
Nobile manſueti ceſſit Chironis in antrum,
Irriguos inter ſaltus frondoſaque tecta
Peneium prope rivum: ibi ſæpe ſub ilice nigrâ
Ad citharæ ſtrepitum blandâ prece victus amici
Exilii duros lenibat voce labores.
Tum neque ripa ſuo, barathro nex fixa ſubimo,
Saxa ſtetere loco, nutat Trachinia rupes,
Nec ſentit ſolitas, immania pondera, ſilvas,
Emotæque ſuis properant de collibus orni,
Mulcenturque novo maculoſi carmine lynces.
Diis dilecte ſenex, te Jupiter æquus oportet
Naſcentem, & miti luſtrarit lumine Phœbus,
Atlantiſque nepos; neque enim niſi charus ab ortu
Diis ſuperis poterit magno faviſſe poetæ.
Hinc longæva tibi lento ſub flore ſenectus
Vernat, & Æſonios lucratur vivida fuſos,
Nondum deciduos ſervans tibi frontis honores,
Ingeniumque vigens, & adultum mentis acumen.
O mihi ſi mea ſors talem concedat amicum
Phœbæos decoraſſe viros qui tam bene nôrit,
Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque

Arturumqe etiam ſub terris bella moventem ;
Aut dicam invictæ ſociali fœdere menſæ,
Magnanimos Heroas, & (O modo ſpiritus ad ſit)
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum ſub Marte phalanges.
Tandem ubi non tacitæ permenſus tempora vitæ,
Annorumque ſatur cineri ſua jura relinquam,
Ille mihi lecto madidis aſtaret ocellis,
Aſtanti ſat erit ſi dicam ſim tibi curæ ;
Ille meos artus liventi morte ſolutos
Curaret parva componi molliter urna.
Forſitan & noſtros ducat de marmore vultus,
Nectens aut Phaphia myrti aut Parnaſſide lauri
Fronde comas, at ego ſecura pace quieſcam.
Tum quoque, ſi qua fides, ſi præmia certa bonorum,
Ipſe ego cælicolûm ſemotus in æthera divûm,
Quò labor & mens pura vehunt, atque ignea virtus
Secreti hæc aliqua mundi de parte videbo
(Qantum fata ſinunt) & tota mente ſerenùm
Ridens purpureo ſuffundar lumine vultus
Et ſimul æthereo plaudam mihi lætus Olympo.

EPITAPHIUM

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

ARGUMENTUM.

THyrsis & Damon ejusdem viciniæ Pastores, eadem studia sequuti à pueritiâ amici erant, ut qui plurimum. Thyrsis animi causâ profectus peregrè de obitu Damonis nuncium accepit. Domum postea reversus, & rem ita esse comperto, se, suamque solitudinem hoc carmine deplorat. Damonis autem sub personâ hîc intelligitur Carolus Deodatus ex urbe Hetruriæ Luca Paterno genere oriundus, cætera Anglus; ingenio doctrinâ, clarissimisque cæteris virtutibus, dum viveret, juvenis egregius.

EPITAPHI-

EPITAPHIUM DAMONIS.

Himerides nymphæ (nam vos & Daphnin & Hylan,
Et plorata diu meminiſtis fata Bionis)
Dicite Sicelicum Thameſina per oppida carmen:
Quas miſer effudit voces, quæ murmura Thyrſis,
Et quibus aſſiduis exercuit antra querelis,
Fluminaque, fonteſque vagos, nemorumque receſſus,
Dum ſibi præreptum queritur Damona, neque, altam
Luctibus eximit noctem loca ſola pererrans.
Et jam bis viridi ſurgebat culmus ariſta,
Et totidem flavas numerabant horrea meſſes,
Ex quo ſumma dies tulerat Damona ſub umbras,
Nec dum aderat Thyrſis; paſtorem ſcilicet illum
Dulcis amor Muſæ Thuſca retinebat in urbe.
At ubi mens expleta domum, pecoriſque relicti
Cura vocat, ſimul aſſueta ſeditque ſub ulmo,
Tum verò amiſſum tum denique ſentit amicum,
Cœpit & immenſum ſic exonerare dolorem.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi! quæ terris, quæ dicam numina cœlo,
Poſtquam te immiti rapuerunt funere Damon;
Siccine nos linquis, tua ſic ſine nomine virtus
Ibit, & obſcuris numero ſociabitur umbris?
At non ille, animas virgâ qui dividit aurea,
Iſta vetet, dignumque tui te ducat in agmen,
Ignavumque procul pecus arceat omne ſilentum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quicquid erit, certè niſi me lupus antè videbit,
Indeplorato non comminuere ſepulchro,
Conſtabitque tuus tibi honos, longumque vigebit
Inter paſtores: Illi tibi vota ſecundo
Solvere poſt Daphnin, poſt Daphnin dicere laudes
Gaudebunt, dum rura Pales, dum Faunus amabit:
Si quid id eſt, priſcamque fidem coluiſſe, piúmque,
Palladiáſque artes, ſociúmque habuiſſe canorum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi certa manent, tibi erunt hæc præmia Damon,
At mihi quid tandem fiet modò? quis mihi fidus
Hærebit lateri comes, ut tu ſæpe ſolebas
Frigoribus duris, & per loca fœta pruinis,
Aut rapido ſub ſole, ſiti morientibus herbis?
Sive opus in magnos fuit eminùs ire leones
Aut avidos terrere lupos præſepibus altis;
Quis fando ſopire diem, cantuque ſolebit?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Pectora cui credam? quis me lenire docebit
Mordaces curas, quis longam fallere noctem
Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cùm ſibilat igni
Molle pyrum, & nucibus ſtrepitat focus, at malus auſter
Miſcet cuncta foris, & deſuper intonat ulmo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Aut æſtate, dies medio dum vertitur axe,
Cum Pan æſculea ſomnum capit abditus umbra,
Et repetunt ſub aquis ſibi nota ſedilia nymphæ.
Paſtoreſque latent, ſtertit ſub ſepe colonus,
Quis mihi blanditiáſque tuas, quis tum mihi riſus,
Cecropioſque ſales referet, cultoſque lepóres?
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
At jam ſolus agros, jam paſcua ſolus oberro,
Sicubi ramoſæ denſantur vallibus umbræ,
Hic ferum expecto, ſupra caput imber & Eurus
Triſte ſonant, fractæque agitata crepuſcula ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quam culta mihi priùs arva procacibus herbis
Involvuntur, & ipſa ſitu ſeges alta fatiſcit!
Innuba neglecto marceſcit & uva racemo,
Nec myrteta juvant; ovium quoque tædet, at illæ
Mœrent, inque ſuum convertunt ora magiſtrum.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Tityrus ad corylos vocat, Alpheſibœus ad ornos,
Ad ſalices Aegon, ad flumina pulcher Amyntas,
Hîc gelidi fontes, hîc illita gramina muſco,
Hîc Zephiri, hîc placidas interſtrepit arbutus undas;
Iſta canunt ſurdo, frutices ego nactus abibam.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mopſus ad hæc, nam me redeuntem forte notarat

(Et callebat avium linguas, & ſydera Mopſus)
Thyrſi quid hoc? dixit, quæ te coquit improba bilis?
Aut te perdit amor, aut te malè faſcinat aſtrum,
Saturni grave ſæpe fuit paſtoribus aſtrum,
Intimaque obliquo figit præcordia plumbo
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Mirantur nymphæ, & quid te Thyrſi futurum eſt?
Quid tibi vis? aiunt, non hæc ſolet eſſe juventæ
Nubila frons, oculique truces, vultuſque ſeveri,
Illa choros, luſuſque leves, & ſemper amorem
Jure petit, bis ille miſer qui ſerus amavit.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Venit Hyas, Dryopéque, & filia Baucidis Aegle
Docta modos, citharæque ſciens, ſed perdita faſtu,
Venit Idumanii Chloris vicina fluenti;
Nil me blanditiæ, nil me ſolantia verba,
Nil me, ſi quid adeſt, movet, aut ſpes ulla futuri,
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hei mihi quam ſimiles ludunt per prata juvenci,
Omnes unanimi ſecum ſibi lege ſodales,
Nec magis hunc alio quiſquam ſecernit amicum
De grege, ſic denſi veniunt ad pabula thoes,
Inque vicem hirſuti paribus junguntur onagri;
Lex eadem pelagi, deſerto in littore Proteus
Agmina Phocarum numerat, viliſque volucrum
Paſſer habet ſemper quicum ſit, & omnia circum
Farra libens volitet, ſerò ſua tecta reviſens,
Quem ſi ſors letho objecit, ſeu milvus adunco
Fata tulit roſtro, ſeu ſtravit arundine foſſor,
Protinus ille alium ſocio petit inde volatu.
Nos durum genus, & diris exercita fatis
Gens homines aliena animis, & pectore diſcors,
Vix ſibi quiſq; parem de millibus invenit unum,
Aut ſi ſors dederit tandem non aſpera votis,
Illum inopina dies quâ non ſperaveris horâ
Surripit, æternum linquens in ſæcula damnum:
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Heu quis me ignotas traxit vagus error in oras
Ire per aëreas rupes, Alpemque nivoſam!
Ecquid erat tanti Romam vidiſſe ſepultam?
Quamvis illa foret, qualem dum viſeret olim,
Tityrus ipſe ſuas & oves & rura reliquit;
Ut te tam dulci poſſem caruiſſe ſodale,
Poſſem tot maria alta, tot interponere montes,
Tot ſylvas, tot ſaxa tibi, fluvioſque ſonantes.
Ah certè extremùm licuiſſet tangere dextram,
Et bene compoſitos placidè morientis ocellos,
Et dixiſſe vale, noſtri memor ibis ad aſtra.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Quamquam etiam veſtri nunquam meminiſſe pigebit
Paſtores Thuſci, Muſis operata juventus,
Hic Charis, atque Lepos; & Thuſcus tu quoque Damon.
Antiquâ genus unde petis Lucumonis ab urbe.
O ego quantus eram, gelidi cum ſtratus ad Arni
Murmura, populeumque nemus, quà mollior herba,
Carpere nunc violas, nunc ſummas carpere myrtos,
Et potui Lycidæ certantem audire Menalcam.
Ipſe etiam tentare auſus ſum, nec puto multùm
Diſplicui, nam ſunt & apud me munera veſtra
Fiſcellæ; calathique & cerea vincla cicutæ,
Quin & noſtra ſuas docuerunt nomina fagos
Et Datis, & Francinus, erant & vocibus ambo
Et ſtudies noti, Lydorum ſanguinis ambo.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc mihi tum læto dicta à roſcida luna,
Dum ſolum teneros claudebam cratibus hœdos.
Ah quoties dixi, cùm te cinis ater habebat,
Nunc canit, aut lepori nunc tendit retia Damon,
Vimina nunc texit, varios ſibi quod ſit in uſus,
Et quæ tum facili ſperabam mente futura
Arripui voto levis, & præſentia finxi,
Heus bone numquid agis? niſi te quid forte retardat,
Imus? & argutâ paulùm recubamus in umbra,
Aut ad aquas Colni, aut ubi jugera Caſſibelauni?
Tu mihi percurres medicos, tua gramina, ſuccos,
Helleborúmque, humiléſque crocos, ſolúmque hyacinthi?
Quaſque habet iſta palus herbas, arteſque medentûm,
Ah pereant herbæ, pereant arteſque medentûm
Gramina, poſtquam ipſi nil profecere magiſtro.
Ipſe etiam, nam neſcio quid mihi grande ſonabat
Fiſtula, ab undecima jam lux eſt altera nocte,
Et tum forte novis admoram labra cicutis,
Diſſiluere tamen ruptâ compage, nec ultra
Ferre graves potuere ſonos, dubito quoque ne ſim
Turgidulus, tamen & referam, vos cedite ſilvæ.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Ipſe ego Dardanias Rutupina per æquora puppes
Dicam, & Pandraſidos regnum vetus Inogeniæ,
Brennúmque, Arviragúmque duces, priſcúmque Belinu
Et tandem Armoricos Britonum ſub lege colonos;
Tum gravidam Arturo fatali fraude Jogernen
Mendaces vultus, aſſumptaque Gorlöis arma,
Merlini dolus. O mihi tum ſi vita ſuperſit,
Tu procul annoſa pendebis fiſtula pinu
Multùm oblita mihi, aut patriis mutata camœnis
Brittonicum ſtrides, quid enim? omnia non licet uni
Non ſperaſſe uni licet omnia, mi ſatis ampla
Merces, & mihi grande decus (ſim ignotus in ævum
Tum licet, externo penituſque inglorius orbi)
Si me flava comas legat Uſa, & potor Alauni,
Vorticibuſque frequens Abra, & nemus omne Treantæ,
Et Thameſis meus ante omnes, & fuſca metallis
Tamara, & extremis me diſcant Orcades undis.
Ite domum impaſti, domino jam non vacat, agni.
Hæc tibi ſervabam lentâ ſub cortice lauri,
Hæc, & plura ſimul tum quæ mihi pocula, Manſus,

Manſus Chalcidicæ non ultima gloria ripæ
Bina dedit, mirum artis opus, mirandus & ipſe,
Et circum gemino cælaverat argumento:
In medio rubri maris unda, & odoriferum ver
Littora longa Arabum, & ſudantes balſama ſilvæ,
Has inter Phœnix divina avis, unica terris
Cæruleùm fulgens diverſicoloribus alis
Auroram vitreis ſurgentem reſpicit undis.
Parte alia polus omnipatens, & magnus Olympus,
Quis putet? hic quoq; Amor, pictæq; in nube pharetræ,
Arma coruſca faces, & ſpicula tincta pyropo;
Nec tenues animas, pectúſque ignobile vulgi.
Hinc ferit, at circùm flammantia lumina torquens
Semper in erectum ſpargit ſua tela per orbes
Impiger, & pronos nunquam collimat ad ictus,
Hinc mentes ardere ſacræ, formæque deorum.
Tu quoque in his, nec me fallit ſpes lubrica Damon,
Tu quoque in his certè es, nam quò tua dulcis abiret
Sanctáque ſimplicitas, nam quò tua candida virtus?
Nec te Lethæo fas quæſiviſſe ſub orco,
Nec tibi conveniunt lacrymæ, nec flebimus ultrà,
Ite procul lacrymæ, purum colit æthera Damon,
Æthera purus habet, pluvium pede reppulit arcum;
Heroúmque animas inter, divóſque perennes,
Æthereos haurit latices & gaudia potat
Ore ſacro. Quin tu cœli poſt jura recepta
Dexter ades, placidúſque fave quicunque vocaris,
Seu tu noſter eris Damon, ſive æquior audis,
Diodotus, quo te divino nomine cuncti
Cœlicolæ nôrint, ſylviſque vocabere Damon.
Quòd tibi purpureus pudor, & ſine labe juventus
Grata fuit, quód nulla tori libata voluptas,
En etiam tibi virginei ſervantur honores;
Ipſe caput nitidum cinctus rutilante corona,
Lætáque frondentis geſtans umbracula palmæ
Æternum perages immortales hymenæos;
Cantus ubi, choreiſque furit lyra miſta beatis,
Feſta Sionæo bacchantur & Orgia Thyrſo.

Jan. 23. 1646.

Ad *Joannem Rouſium* Oxonienſis Academiæ Bibliothecarium.

De libro Poematum amiſſo, quem ille ſibi denuo mitti poſtulabat, ut cum aliis noſtris in Bibliotheca publica reponeret, Ode.

Strophe 1.

GEmelle cultu ſimplici gaudens liber,
Fronde licet gemina,
Munditiéque nitens non operoſa,
Quam manus attulit
Juvenilis olim,
Sedula tamen haud nimii Poetæ,
Dum vagus Auſonias nunc per umbras
Nunc Britannica per virecta lafit
Inſons populi, barbitóque devius
Indulſit patrio, mox itidem pectine Daunio
Longinquum intonuit melos
Vicinis, & humum vix tetigit pede;

Antiſtrophe.

Quis te parve liber, quis te fratribus
Subduxit reliquis dolo?
Cum tu miſſus ab urbe,
Docto jugiter obſecrante amico,
Illuſtre tendebas iter
Thamefis ad incunabula
Cærulei patris,
Fontes ubi limpidi
Aonidum, thyaſuſque ſacer
Orbi notus per immenſos
Temporum lapſus redeunte cœlo,
Celeberque futurus in ævum,

Strophe 2.

Modò quis deus, aut editus deo
Priſtinam gentis miſeratus indolem
(Si ſatis noxas luimus priores
Mollique luxu degener otium)
Tollat nefandos civium tumultus,
Almaque revocet ſtudia ſanctus
Et relegatas ſine ſede Muſas
Jam penè totis finibus Angligenûm;
Immundaſque volucres
Unguibus imminentes
Figat Apollineâ pharetrâ,
Phinéamque abigat peſtem procul amne Pegaſéo.

Antiſtrophe.

Quin tu, libelle, nuntii licet malâ
Fide, vel oſcitantiâ
Semel erraveris agmine fratrum,
Seu quis te teneat ſpecus,
Seu qua te latebra, forſan unde vili
Callo terêris inſtitoris inſulſi,
Lætare felix, en iterum tibi
Spes nova fulget poſſe profundam
Fugere Lethen, vehique Superam
In Jovis aulam remige pennâ;

Strophe 3.

Nam te Roüſius ſui
Optat peculî, numeróque juſto
Sibi pollicitum queritur abeſſe,
Rogatque venias ille cujus inclyta
Sunt data virûm monumenta curæ:
Téque adytis etiam ſacris
Voluit reponi quibus & ipſe præſidet

Æterno-

Æternorum operum custos fidelis,
Quæstorque gazæ nobilioris,
Quàm cui præfuit Iön
Clarus Erechtheides
Opulenta dei per templa parentis
Fulvosque tripodas, donaque Delphica
Ion Actæa genitus Creusâ.

Antistrophe.

Ergo tu visere lucos
Musarum ibis amœnos,
Diamque Phœbi rursus ibis in domum
Oxoniâ quam valle colit
Delo posthabitâ,
Bifidóque Parnassi jugo:
Ibis honestus,
Postquam egreglam tu quoque sortem
Nactus abis, dextri prece sollicitatus amici.
Illic legéris inter alta nomina
Authorum, Graiæ simul & Latinæ
Antiqua gentis lumina, & verum decus.

Epodos.

Vos tandem haud vacui mei labores,
Quicquid hoc sterile fudit ingenium,
Jam serò placidam sperare jubeo
Perfunctam invidiâ requiem, sedesque be[illegible]
Quas bonus Hermes
Et tutela dabit solers Roüsi,
Quo neque lingua procax vulgi penetrabit, [illegible]
longè
Turba legentum prava facesset;
At ultimi nepotes,
Et cordatior ætas
Judicia rebus æquiora forsitan
Adhibebit integro sinu.
Tum livore sepulto,
Si quid meremur sana posteritas sciet
Roüsio favente.

Ode tribus constat Strophis, totidémque [illegible]tistrophis, unâ demum Epodo clausis, quas [illegible] si omnes nec versuum numero, nec certis locis exactè respondeant, ita tamen [illegible] commodè legendi potius, quàm ad antiquos cinendi modos rationem spectantes. [illegible] hoc genus rectiùs fortasse dici mono[illegible] cum debuerat. Metra partim sunt [illegible] partim ἀπολελυμένα. Phaleucia quæ sunt [illegible] dæum tertio loco bis admittunt, quod [illegible] secundo loco Catullus ad libitum fecit.

FINIS.